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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: SIXPENCE.
ROYALTY IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND



THE KING AND QUEEN AT DEVONPORT, MARCH 8.—THE FIRST CEREMONIAL LAYING OF A KEEL-PLATE BY A ROYAL PERSONAGE: HIS MAJESTY PLACING THE FIRST PLATE OF H.M.S. "KING EDWARD VII." IN POSITION.

DESIGNED BY A. FERRIER FROM SKETCHES BY H. C. SEDDINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DEVONPORT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The psychology of a certain Dr. Albrecht interests me not a little. He is an Austrian who has seen service with the Boers, and he has returned home with some wondrous legends. He describes how the British commanders protected themselves from attack by surrounding their camps with Boer women and children. There was one exception, General Smith-Dorrien; and Louis Botha was so much touched that he could scarcely find it in his heart to attack so brave an officer. However, he overcame this tender scruple, and the result of the encounter was that General Smith-Dorrien went back to England "disgusted with the English method of fighting," and convinced that the Boers could not be subdued. All this Dr. Albrecht has retailed for the edification of the Pan-Germans of Austria, who will swallow anything. I am curious to know whether he lies for the love of lying, or whether it is impossible to be a Pan-German without lying. It used to be thought that childish excesses of this sort marked a defect of the Celtic races. The Teutons were credited with a native love of truth; but for the last two years we have seen the most intensely Teutonic peoples fed on lies so monstrous that they might have been expected to burst with their own absurdity.

From a German review I learn that our Colonies are not so much attached to us as we have supposed. Australia has taken advantage of the present war to extort "valuable concessions" from the Mother Country. Moreover, the Australians are preparing to proclaim their independence by setting up a navy of their own. What the "valuable concessions" may be I have not the slightest idea. But the German writer, whose sublime ignorance and equally sublime assurance are worthy of a Munich professor, has invented this yarn about Australia simply because it is exactly the thing he would like to happen. Nothing annoys your Pan-German so much as the solidarity of the British Empire. He expected it to go to pieces at the first test, and as the process shows no sign of beginning, he gives it the impulse of his lively fancy. I have no doubt he will announce presently that the Colonial Premiers are coming to the Coronation to tell the King that the Colonies have all resolved to be independent Republics. This would not be more absurd than Mr. John Morley's prediction nearly twenty years ago that when we were involved in a serious war Australia would cut herself off and fly her own flag. Mr. Morley is wiser to-day; but the wonderful German mind has adopted his discarded blunder! Such is the precious flower of Teutonic philosophy.

I wonder whether the Rotterdam *Courant* is enjoying Professor von Halle's pamphlet. He says Holland must be coerced to enter the German Empire, because her ports are necessary to German development. The Dutchman has the effrontery to believe that the mouth of Germany's great river is his exclusive property. As he shows an obstinate indifference to German interests, means must be taken to correct his errors, and make him a docile instrument of the great world-policy of Potsdam. Professor von Halle is believed to be the spokesman of a strong military party in Germany. The mailed fist may try to grab Holland some day; certainly her colonies would be very palatable to the directors of the great world-policy. Let me offer the Rotterdam *Courant* an idea. Why not press upon Dr. Kuyper the expediency of borrowing from the British Government the Boer prisoners we have in Ceylon, India, and elsewhere? They might be utilised in the first place to finish off that war in Acheen. Then they might be quartered in Holland to overawe the Pan-Germans. It would be such a comfort to Dr. Kuyper to feel himself under Mr. Kruger's protection. Moreover, there would be no need then to solicit the aid of the brutal English. If Holland should ever be menaced by Germany, you may depend upon it that the Dutch would rather be annexed than ask us to help them. That, I am sure, is the noble spirit of the Rotterdam *Courant*. Hence the pertinence of my little plan.

The British reverse in the Transvaal has inspired one Dutch journal with the idea that Dr. Kuyper's effort at peacemaking was conceived as much in our interest as in that of the Boers. This makes Dr. Kuyper a far-sighted and impartial man who wanted to save us from the military genius of Delarey. I admire that genius as much as any Dutchman. It is a formidable element in the duration of the war, but it hardens the resolution of the British people. They intend to fight until the military genius of Delarey has no scope for exercise. His victory must greatly encourage the Boers for a time, just as it greatly encourages every enemy we have on the Continent. The people it must discourage are those politicians at home who have been telling us that we ought to offer the Boers "honourable terms," and that the policy of unconditional surrender must be abandoned. "Honourable terms" mean to Delarey nothing less than the restoration of Boer independence; and as this is

impossible, it is his resistance that makes unconditional surrender the only end to the struggle.

That was the answer to the Continental jubilation over the British reverses early in the war. It is the only answer to-day. Dutch journalists and others, who imagine that we can be turned from that purpose by agitation on behalf of the Boers, simply waste their time. All that such agitation can do has been done, and the result is precisely nothing. Not a single Government will move a finger to help Dr. Kuyper's clients. Equally futile are the pleadings of the amiable persons who call for a settlement "by assent," instead of subjugation. Delarey will never assent; he will have to be subjugated. That may be very painful to minds which dislike stern realities, and think that the flames of war can be quenched with soothing syrup; but the truth must be faced by citizens with a robust sense of national obligations.

The other day we were all speculating as to the precise significance of Mr. Kipling's arraignment of "flannelled fools." Mr. Kipling is not one of those prophets who abound in explanations. When he has delivered a message he leaves it to expound itself. Browning used to say, when invited to throw light on a passage in his works, "You had better ask the Browning Society." Perhaps we shall have a Kipling Society to interpret the younger master. But now comes another poet (also in the *Times*), who indicts the House of Commons for its "ale-house stammerings." This phrase may give a transient joy to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who remembers that it is still possible to obtain alcoholic refreshment in the precincts of Parliament. But, on reflection, even Sir Wilfrid may hesitate to call the House of Commons an "ale-house." That summons up a vision of legislators gracefully waving quart pots, and adorning their eloquent periods with frequent pauses. It may suggest to some foreign artist, say at Munich, a picture of the House with the ale flowing freely, and the debate flowing not so freely. This cannot be what the poet means, though I have been assured that poets mean precisely what they say, just like ordinary persons. As this poet is likely to imitate Mr. Kipling's reticence, I would suggest the formation of a committee for the patient study of his puzzling phrase. Perhaps it will turn out to be a metaphor.

An English correspondent in Virginia invites me to a still more arduous task. He says that "heaven is the next planet in the outer orbit," and that "there is a rhythmical order of Divine will being done more and more in each succeeding planet of the system." Then the mystery thickens. "Whilst the individual is an agent in his particular planet's advance, he pursues an advance of his own, provided he reaches sufficient stability of individuality. If not, he disintegrates into the individual aggregate, just as physical atoms at dissolution disintegrate into the atomic aggregate." I take it as no small compliment that this should be addressed to me; but alas! it is beyond my modest powers of discernment. As if he had not made the situation sufficiently embarrassing, my correspondent ends by suggesting that if I reject his speculation, I should propose another: "Could you kindly point out heaven to me?" I hasten to assure him that I do not reject his speculation when such an alternative must be faced. Nothing I can say about the "outer orbit," I fear, can carry comfort or conviction to my friend in Virginia.

In a very charming article in *Scribner's Magazine*, Mrs. Strong, Stevenson's stepdaughter, describes the virtues of the Samoans. Rarely are mortals so happily endowed. As far as I can make out, they are impatient of nothing that is good for them, except sermons, and only the young men betray indifference to the copious oratory of the native pastors. They have no "ale-house stammerings," for strong drink is repugnant to the Samoan. Their simple code rejects the sophistries of civilisation, such as the maxim that "all is fair in love and war." They carry chivalry to a pitch that makes war almost a pastime. Ambushes are forbidden, and an attack is never made without due notice to the enemy. When a fight has lasted some time (which it is likely to do under such genial conditions) a truce is called. The warriors sit down to meat without distinction between friend and foe; or they plunge into the sea, and soothe their tribal animosities with a swimming-match. When the fight is resumed, it is not carried on, I imagine, with much ardour, and battles must often be adjourned for an indefinite period. Does my Virginian friend see here any happy beam from the "outer orbit"? In love the Samoan is equally incapable of stratagem. No damsel stoops to folly, and wrings a faithless bosom by dying. The youth who is the Apollo of his clan takes a natural pride in his personal charms, without becoming vain or effeminate. The women have all the merits Iago derided, and yet they do not suckle fools and chronicle small beer. After reading this, my Virginian friend may ask me, "Why was I not born a Samoan?" And I cannot answer that question either.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE WEST.

The King and Queen, after the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Naval College at Dartmouth by his Majesty, proceeded to Devonport, where, on Saturday, March 8, a busy day awaited them. Shortly before noon their Majesties left their yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, and proceeded to the Keyham Royal Naval Barracks, where war medals and nurses' certificates were to be distributed. The King wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, and the Queen a dark dress, a jacket trimmed with chinchilla fur, and a toque trimmed with white and mauve flowers. Royal salutes were fired, and all the ships were dressed in honour of the visit. The Admiral Superintendent escorted their Majesties from the yacht to the railway-carriage near at hand, in which they made the short journey to the south gate of the Naval Barracks at Keyham. Transferring themselves to an open carriage, drawn by four horses, with postilions, they were quickly on the parade-ground, where a great crowd cheered, the band struck up "God Save the King," and the Royal Standard was hoisted. Escorted by Admiral Lord Charles Scott, the Naval Commander-in-Chief of the district, and by Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, they proceeded to a dais, about which were gathered 3000 bluejackets, 500 marines, 150 Engineer students, and 117 officers.

Of the 340 medals to be distributed by the King, 280 were for services rendered in China, and the rest for services in South Africa. The relief of Peking came to mind when Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour was the first to step forward for his medal—and a hearty shake of the hand. Gallant young Sub-Lieutenant Guy, of H.M.S. *Barfleur*, received from both the Sovereign and the onlookers special marks of favour as he walked up to get his Victoria Cross for a daring deed done during the attack on Tientsin City. The King pinned on the decoration, and then heartily grasped the hero's hand, while the crowd cheered again. Chief Stoker Parfett, of H.M.S. *Daring*, had a hardly less cordial reception from the King, who presented to him an Albert Medal. At the end of the distribution, which took three-quarters of an hour, Lord Charles Scott called for three cheers for their Majesties, and these were given, the King the while standing at salute. After this the Engineer students were marched up in a double line under Commander A. E. Tizard, and the King walked along their ranks, and gave a little address, in which he said that they formed an important branch of the service and had a fine appearance. Meanwhile the Queen had been occupied, presenting certificates to nine nursing sisters of the Queen Alexandra Naval Nursing Service. A return to the royal yacht for luncheon, and a short time for rest, prepared the royal visitors for the task of the afternoon—the launching by the Queen of the great new battle-ship, the *Queen*, and the laying by the King of another war-vessel's first keel-plate. The new vessel, 400 ft. in length, with a displacement of 16,500 tons, and carrying the wonderful 9.2 in. gun that fires as fast as a 6-in. quick-firer, awaited the touch that was to liberate it from land. By the time of the arrival of their Majesties at four o'clock, a great gathering had assembled. The opposite shore was crowded, and hundreds of craft filled the river. The Bishop of Exeter first conducted a brief religious service, during which was sung an appropriate hymn. The bottle of Colonial wine with which her Majesty christened the ship was embedded in flowers, and hung from a floral arch. A second swing had to be given to the bottle before it broke against the vessel's side. Then in a low voice the Queen said, "I name this ship the *Queen*." Then with a chisel and mallet her Majesty severed the cord, and so loosened the leviathan. A great cheer went up as she slid down smoothly and took the water. All the craft in the harbour hailed the newcomer with their syrens and whistles, the bluejackets on the battle-ships cheered, and a royal salute was fired. That done, the King proceeded to touch the electric button which laid the first keel-plate of yet another new vessel. "I declare the first keel-plate of *King Edward VII.* well and truly laid." Great cheering followed, and their Majesties had a triumphal return to the *Victoria and Albert*. In the evening there were fireworks, and the King and Queen gave a dinner-party, after which Admiral Superintendent T. S. Jackson was appointed a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

PARLIAMENT.

Earl Roberts made a very sympathetic speech about Lord Methuen when the news of that commander's misfortune was announced in the House of Lords. A warm tribute to Lord Methuen's soldierly qualities was paid by the Commander-in-Chief, who, in regard to Magersfontein, stated that Lord Methuen had been ordered to relieve Kimberley with 10,000 men, a task which Lord Roberts eventually accomplished with 45,000. Lord Salisbury joined in the eulogy of Lord Methuen's services.

In the Commons there was considerable discussion of Mr. Brodrick's proposals to increase the pay of the soldier to a full shilling a day, and to make it eighteen-pence after two years for soldiers who engaged to remain with the colours for six years more. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman questioned both the policy of such an increase of the Army as Mr. Brodrick anticipated, and the likelihood of getting that increase.

Some scepticism has been expressed as to the official statements of the number of Boers still in the field. Mr. Brodrick said that, whether the number were 5000 or 20,000, the determination of the Government to prosecute the war would not be affected. Asked whether Lord Kitchener had employed armed natives, Mr. Brodrick said that natives engaged on the railway-line and between the blockhouses as watchmen were armed for their own protection, because the Boer leaders had declared that they would shoot any natives, armed or not, who gave any kind of assistance to the British. The Boers had themselves employed natives in every capacity, and in some engagements Kaffirs had fought on the Boer side.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

First and most beautifully written of Mr. Stephen Phillips' dramas, "Paolo and Francesca" has had the good fortune to obtain the most admirable acting. The sonorous diction and emotional vehemence of Mr. Alexander's Giovanni, the appealing childishness of Miss Evelyn Millard's lovely Francesca, the boyish ardour and spirited, if uneven, declamation of Mr. Ainley's Paolo, are worthy of association with Mr. Phillips' noble and sombre love-poem. But just as not all Mr. Macquoid's superbly designed costumes and Mr. Telbin's severely handsome scenery can supply the play's want of mediæval colour, so the most skilful interpretation cannot disguise the singular primitiveness of its stagecraft and the essential melodrama of its treatment. Mr. Phillips may be forgiven his unconscious borrowing from "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," and especially "Pelleas and Melisande"; he may even take credit for originality in his conception of the barren child-hungry widow, Lucrezia, though this important character—rather stagily played by Miss Robins—reveals herself with monotonous and inexcusable lack of reticence. But criticism may well complain when in a would-be story of "Paolo and Francesca" the heroine is given a merely passive rôle. Paolo is deprived of all strength and innocence of purpose, and Giovanni the avenger secures all the sympathy. Or, again, when with so simple a theme the suspicions of the husband are not developed plausibly, the compulsion which drives the lovers to their doom is not rendered inevitable, and the entire scenario of the final catastrophe is made luridly sensational. Happily, the most serious faults cannot rob the whispered love-scene of its exquisite romantic charm nor the "tragedy" as a whole, though the language of its passions is strictly lyrical and pictorial, of real dramatic poignancy.

"THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

If only Mr. Henry Arthur Jones would modify the concluding act of his new Duke of York's play, wherein a young wife is shown too indecently and maliciously joking over the broken nose of a formidable and almost successful woman rival, and a fickle husband is allowed off the scene to horsewhip a contemptible would-be lover before claspings to his arms the spouse he does not deserve, "The Princess's Nose" would rank as one of his most popular comedy successes; for it is one of those clever, if superficial, representations of smart society and intrigue, written round one strong sensational scene and round the personality of one particular actress, in which the author of "Mrs. Dane's Defence" has lately excelled. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is the leading lady for whom Mr. Jones has most cleverly adapted his play, and his great act represents a wife striving by every device, mood, and fascination that she can compass to prevent her husband, a fickle French Prince, from quitting her side and joining on a journey abroad another married woman. In this passage, in which Mr. Jones has most adroitly manipulated its phases to the temperament of his interpreters, Miss Vanbrugh has almost to run through the gamut of emotions, and from this trying ordeal, gallantly assisted by Mr. H. B. Irving, whose rendering of the Prince's easy courtesy and embarrassments is altogether satisfying and artistic, the versatile Sophey Fullgarney of "The Gay Lord Quex" emerges triumphantly. Miss Vanbrugh finds a perfect foil in Miss Gertrude Kingston, who plays the Princess's rival with a certain hard and telling intensity; and Mr. Gilbert Hare as a kindly Baronet of the *raisonneur* type, Mr. Cosmo Stuart as a despicable lady-killing decadent, and Miss Carlotta Addison as a scandal-affecting old dowager, all work their hardest for a play which would be none the worse for judicious revision.

NEGLECTED WORK OF HANDEL AND PURCELL.
AT GREAT QUEEN STREET.

A very interesting experiment is being made by Messrs. Gordon Craig and Martin Shaw, enthusiasts who are reviving this week and next at the Great Queen Street Theatre Handel's pastoral opera, "Acis and Galatea," and Purcell's "Masque of Love," composed in the years 1720 and 1690 respectively. For not merely are they assisted by a good company of amateur vocalists and choristers, furnishing a special treat for amateurs—Handel's and Purcell's refined music needs no recommendation, and there is an exquisite idea running through the "Masque of Love"—but Mr. Gordon Craig has attempted some startling innovations in the matter of stage management, scenery, costume-designing, and stage-lighting.

NEW "TURNS" AT THE HIPPODROME.

At the Hippodrome, which still maintains its unique character as the home of acrobats and performing animals, you will find tumblers, gymnasts, and bare-back riders on the one hand, clever cats, hunting-dogs, and quaint seals on the other. There are two new "turns" of an excellent programme, which call for some special mention. One is the wonderful entertainment provided by Mr. James Mendel, a blind pianist, gifted with an exceptional memory and power of improvisation, and able to imitate and to burlesque the manner of the great masters. The other is the exciting achievement of Mr. Eddie Gifford, a one-legged cyclist, who, while seated on his bicycle, dives from the roof of the building, a distance of some seventy feet.

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AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

- The Lady of the Camellias.* Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas the Younger. A Century of French Romance. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
- Watteau, Master-Painter of the Fêtes Galantes.* Edgcumb Staley, B.C. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters. 1s.)
- Twenty-Six Men and a Girl.* Translated from the Russian of Maxim Gorky by Emily Jakoroff and Dora B. Montefiore. Introduction by Edward Garnett. (Duckworth's Greenback Library. Cloth 2s., paper 1s. 6d.)
- Ellen Terry and Her Sisters.* T. Edgar Pemberton. (Pearson. 16s.)
- Tales from Gorky.* Translated from the Russian, with a Biographical Notice of the Author, by R. Nisbet Bain. (Jarrold. 6s.)
- Thomas Henry Huxley.* Edward Clodd. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)
- Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole.* Edited by Sir Spencer Walpole. (Longmans. 4s. 6d.)
- A Masque of Shadows.* Arthur E. J. Legge. (Nutt. 3s. 6d.)
- Plots.* Bernard Capes. (Methuen. 6s.)
- The Knights of the Cross.* A Historical Romance by Henryk Sienkiewicz. (Sands. 3s. 6d.)
- High Treason: A Romance of the Days of George II.* (Murray. 6s.)
- Cashiered, and Other War Tales.* Andrew Balfour. (Nisbet. 6s.)
- Seventy-One Days Camping in Morocco.* Lady Grove. (Longmans. Green. 7s. 6d.)
- Memories Grave and Gay.* John Kerr, LL.D. (Blackwood. 6s.)
- Anecdotal Recollections of the Congress of Vienna.* By the Comte A. de la Garde-Chambonas, with Introduction and Notes by the Comte Fleury. Translated by "An Englishman in Paris." (Chapman and Hall. 15s.)
- Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era: Leighton, Millais, Burne-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt.* Sir Wyke Bayliss, K.B., F.S.A. (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.)

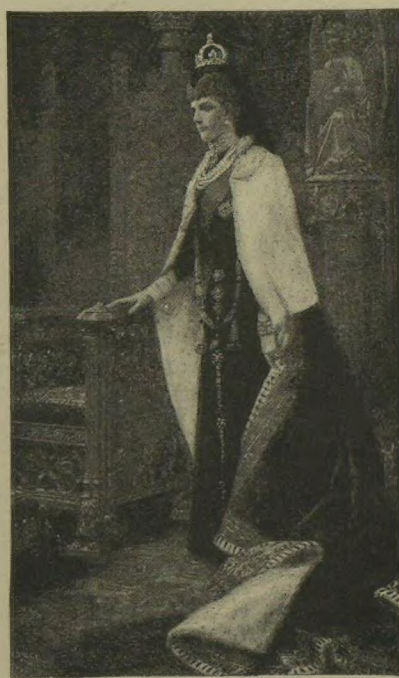
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AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

MOHAWK MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
Nightly, at 8. Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 2. Coning Events—four Sacred Concerts, Good Friday; two at St. James's Hall; two at Agricultural Hall. Easter week, Twice daily. Entire change. Easter Monday, Twice in large St. James's Hall.

PERFORMANCES AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



1. A PERFORMANCE BY MENDEL,
THE BLIND PIANIST.

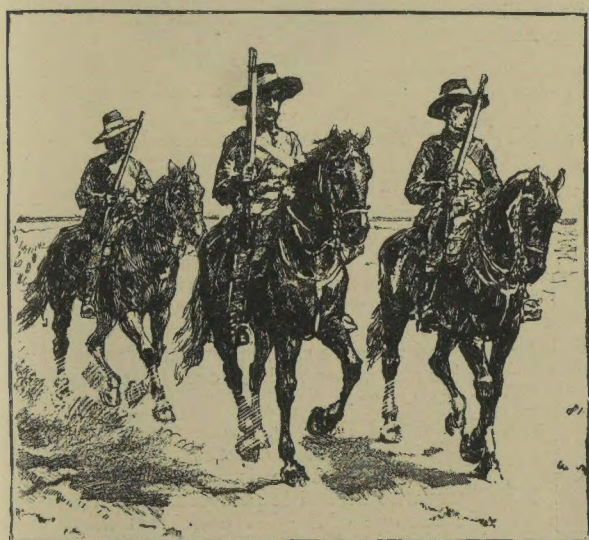
2. E. E. GIFFORD, THE ONE-LEGGED CYCLIST, JUMPING A DISTANCE
OF 70 FEET INTO THE WATER TANK.

3. CAPTAIN WOODWARD'S PERFORMING SEALS AND SEA LIONS.
4. PAUL SANDOR'S DOGS. 5. COLIBRI'S MIDGETS.

LORD METHUEN: THE CAPTURED GENERAL AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER.



TEL-EL-KEBIR, SEPTEMBER 13, 1882.



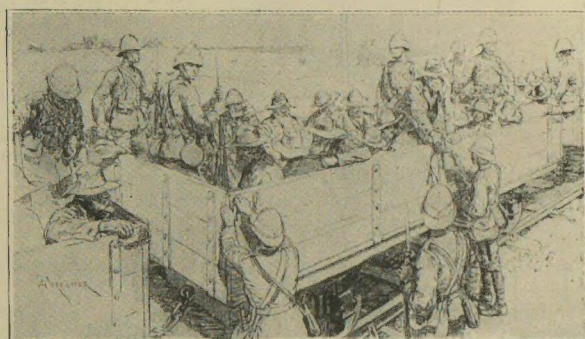
BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION, 1885: METHUEN'S HORSE AT BARKLY CAMP.



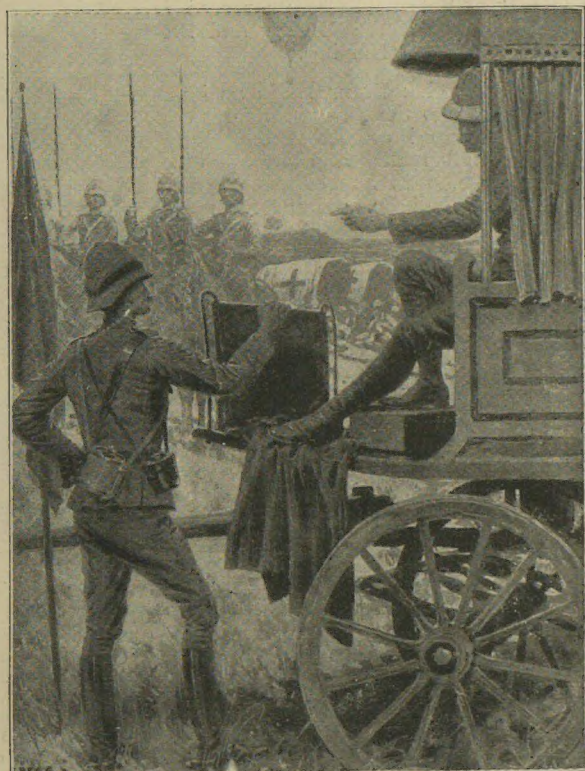
THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION, 1874: AMOAFUL.



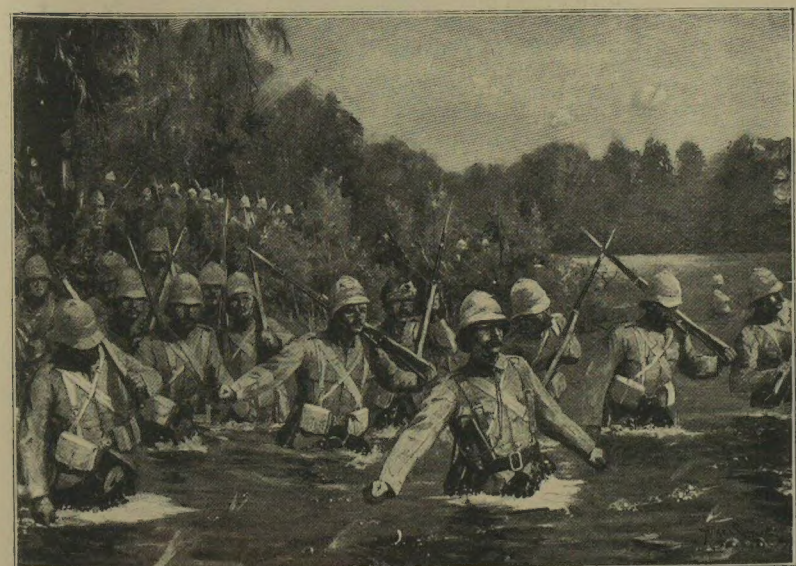
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD METHUEN.



AFTER BELMONT, NOVEMBER 23, 1899.



MAGERSFONTEIN, DECEMBER 11 AND 12, 1899.



THE CROSSING OF THE MOLLER RIVER, NOVEMBER 28, 1899.



KASSASSIN, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

PERSONAL.

Sir Henry Thompson, who is over eighty years of age, displays a lively interest in motor-cars. He has a car which, when travelling at fourteen miles an hour, can be pulled up within a foot. As it would be impossible to check a pair of horses as promptly, there is force in Sir Henry's protest against the present restrictions upon the pace of motor-cars.

It is probable that motor-omnibuses will soon be plying in the streets of London in considerable numbers. The omnibus companies have suffered so large a diminution of profits by the competition of the "Tube" that the days of the slow horse traffic seem to be numbered.

Mr. William Rathbone, of Greenbank, Moseley Hill, Liverpool, whose death took place there on March 6, was the sixth William Rathbone in succession of a family that had settled in Liverpool in the early days of that port, and had grown with its growth. Mr. Rathbone's grandfather sold the first cotton consigned from America in the first line of packets that ever crossed the Atlantic. Born in 1819, Mr. Rathbone, after a season of travel and an apprenticeship in the London office of Messrs. Baring Brothers, joined recognised leader

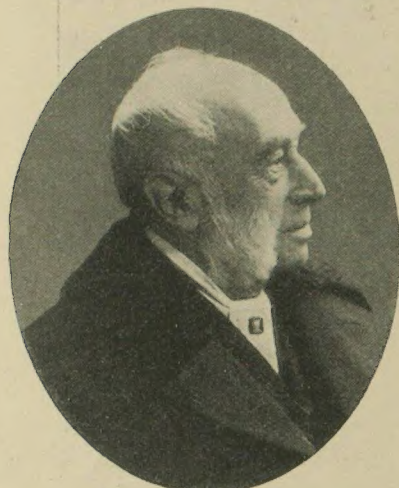


Photo. Esme Collings.
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM RATHBONE,
Philanthropist.

his father's firm in 1841, and became a member of the civic and philanthropic movements of his city. For twelve years he sat in the House of Commons as minority member for Liverpool; and, at a later date, he represented Carnarvonshire, retiring from Parliamentary life seven years ago. In Temperance and Education and Art controversies he took a leading position; and his work in another notable field has its record in his "Sketch of the History and Progress of District Nursing."

Sir Frederick Bramwell, in an interesting letter to the *Times*, proposes that the European Powers and the United States shall make a Convention by which no man in any of the countries concerned shall be qualified for public duties unless he is conversant with the Italian language. Sir Frederick says that a common tongue is indispensable to the civilised world, and he proposes Italian on the ground that it is least likely to arouse jealous opposition.

Lady Warwick has been thrown from her horse in the hunting-field, and has passed under the care of Mr. Alfred Fripp and Dr. Wellesley Garrett for concussion of the brain. A little time of quiet is therefore secured to a lady whose activities as Poor Law Guardian, as foundress of a needlework school with a dépôt in Bond Street which bears her name, and as foundress, too, of a Home for Crippled Children at Warwick, and of a Horticultural Hotel near Reading, and in various other departments of social life, are all but unrelaxing.

The Hon. Sir William James Smith, the new Chief Justice of the Transvaal, has had a varied judicial experience in distant parts of the Empire. Born in 1853, he was the son of Mr. J. O'Connor Smith, of Cheltenham; he was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; and called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1875. He was only twenty-seven when he became Puisne Judge of the Gold Coast Colony, whence he went to Cyprus in 1882, first as Judge of Supreme Court, and afterwards as Chief Justice. Since 1897 he has acted as Chief Justice of British Guiana. Sir William, whose knighthood dates from 1896, married, twenty years ago, Ella, only child of Major E. H. Marsh.

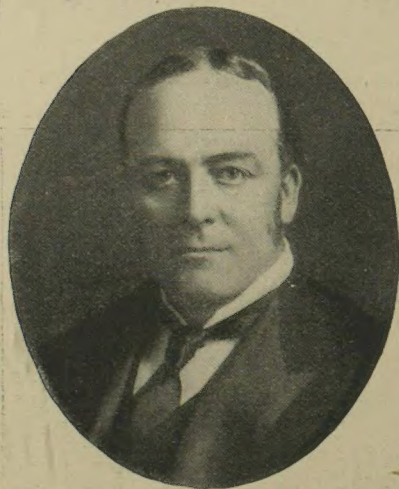


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE HON. SIR W. J. SMITH,
New Chief Justice of the Transvaal.

The greatest disgust has been excited in the House of Commons by the indecent exultation of some Irish Nationalists when Mr. Brodrick announced Lord Methuen's reverse. Mr. Redmond was absent, and Mr. Dillon vainly strove to check the outbreak of malignant spite. The incident has not endeared the cause of Home Rule even to Radical members.

Lord Malcolm of Potalloch, who died at Hyères on March 6, was born in 1833, the son of Mr. John Malcolm of Potalloch, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. For twenty years onwards from 1860 he sat in Parliament as Conservative member for Boston, and from 1886 till 1892 he represented Argyllshire. Four years later he was raised to the House of Lords. The Volunteer movement always enlisted his practical sympathy. He was formerly a Captain of the Kent Artillery Militia, and at the time of his death was Hon. Colonel of the 5th Volunteer Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Lord Malcolm of Potalloch (who leaves no heir to his peerage) married, first, in 1861, a daughter of the fourth Lord Boston; and, secondly, in 1897, the widow of Mr. H. Gardner Lister, of the United States.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE LORD MALCOLM OF POTALLOCH.

Lord Rosebery addressed to a great meeting at Glasgow a strenuous vindication of the new Liberal League. He said the League was strongly in favour of the war, and strongly opposed to the recall of Lord Milner, and the offer of any terms to the Boers in the field. He denounced Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's imputation of "methods of barbarism" to the British troops or the British Government as "mischievous and unfounded." As to Home Rule, he would not hand Ireland over to men who exulted in British disasters; but



Delarey.

THE CAPTOR OF METHUEN: GENERAL DELAREY IN THE FIELD.

there was need of reform at Dublin Castle, and a devotion of public business.

A copy of the official journal of Mr. Steyn's "Government" has been found to contain extracts from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speeches on "methods of barbarism." This illustration of the way the Boers are encouraged is met in one quarter by the amazing suggestion that Sir Henry's protest against "methods of barbarism" will probably save Lord Methuen's life.

Dr. Conan Doyle's pamphlet is doing good service in Germany. An article in the *National Zeitung* is a striking acknowledgment that the charges against the humanity of the British troops in South Africa are without foundation. The *Indépendance Belge* takes the same line, and vehemently condemns the slanders of the Continental Press. This awakening is rather late, but it shows that truth is beginning to prevail.

Prince Henry of Prussia has finished his American tour. It has been a great personal success, but its political fruits are not obvious. If the Kaiser has cherished the idea that he can alter American policy by this means, he must be greatly disappointed.

Sir Theodore Martin has been telling an interesting story about Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone sent the Queen a copy of his first Home Rule Bill accompanied by an explanatory letter of fourteen folio pages. The Queen could understand neither the Bill nor the letter, and sent them to Sir Theodore Martin. He could not understand the letter, but managed to make an intelligible *résumé* of the Bill.

Mr. John Lawrence Toole has just entered his seventy-third year. He began life as a clerk in a wine merchant's office; but it is now half a century since he discovered his vocation for the stage.

In rather uncertain weather the practice of the Oxford and the Cambridge crews has gone on, and has attracted,

at Barnes Bridge, at Putney, and other points, a number of interested spectators. The duty of coaching the Oxford crew, which Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher has ceased to discharge, has devolved upon Mr. Harcourt Gold. Alternative spins of rowing and paddling have been indulged in by both crews, the Cambridge eight having plied between Putney and Hammersmith sometimes in water made very rough by traffic. Both crews are reported to be getting through their work in good style.

That gallant Yorkshireman, Colonel John Gerald Wilson, C.B., who, after thirty years of comparative retirement from military life, resumed his sword when he was sixty-one, was desperately wounded in Lord Methuen's reverse. A day later his name was transferred from the list of the wounded to that of the dead. Born in 1841, he joined the 84th Regiment in 1858, retiring from the Army in 1867, when his father's death put him in possession of the family estate of Cliffe Hall, Piercebridge, Darlington. Subsequently he accepted a commission in the Volunteer Force, and his Militia Battalion has been twice embodied during the present war, in the course of which he had lost a brother and a son.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL J. G. WILSON,
Killed in Methuen's Disastrous Action,
March 7.

Lieutenant Thomas Peere Williams Nesham, of the 38th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, was one of the two

young officers belonging to that force who lost their lives during the rout of Lord Methuen's men. Lieutenant Nesham received his first commission in December 1898, and two years later was promoted to be Lieutenant. Until the present war he had not seen service, and at the time of his death he was little over twenty-one years of age.

General Delarey, whose prestige has received a notable increase by his capture of Lord Methuen, was not among the Boers who wished to precipitate the war. He was one of the few prominent members of the Transvaal Volksraad who protested against the Ultimatum of President Kruger. The fight once begun, however, he threw himself into it with ardour. From an early stage he has been face to face with Lord Methuen. He laid out the lines at fatal Magersfontein, and when later he had to fall back before Lord Roberts's overwhelming force, he did so in good order. He has played a conspicuous part in the guerilla warfare which marked the second stage of the war. At Nooitgedacht, some sixteen months ago, he took captive 500 of our men; and in the wild country between Klerksdorp and Wolmaranstad he lately successfully waylaid General von Donop's convoy. Lord Roberts has borne testimony that in Delarey our troops have a courteous as well as a gallant foe, in whom Lord Methuen will find a gallant foe in misfortune.

Lieutenant Gordon Ralph Venning, D.S.O., of the 4th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, who lost his life while serving his guns during Delarey's successful attack on Lord Methuen's force, belonged to Bath, and was educated at Bath College, where he is still remembered by his notable athletic record. The son of Mr. A. R. Venning, he was born nearly twenty-two years ago; and he joined the Army in December 1898, becoming Lieutenant in February 1901. Like his comrade in death, Lieutenant Nesham, he had not been in active service before the present campaign, in the course of which he had already managed, however, greatly to distinguish himself, being among the youngest wearers of the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order.



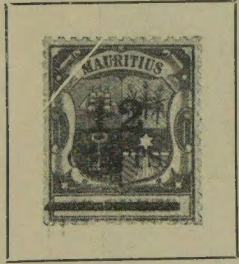
Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LIEUTENANT G. R. VENNING, D.S.O.,
Killed in Methuen's Disastrous Action, March 7.

M. Coquelin has been playing in "Cyrano de Bergerac" at Berlin, to the great satisfaction of the Kaiser. We are a long way from the days when French dramatic artists swore a great oath that they would never again play to German audiences.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES
AT BRISTOL.

Three busy hours were spent in Bristol on Wednesday, March 5, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who came in from Badminton, driving nine miles to Yate, where a special train was taken by way of Chipping Sodbury and Old Sodbury. At Temple Meads Station the Prince and Princess were met by the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and other civic notabilities. The sunny streets were crowded with people as the royal party were driven to Clifton Down Station, followed by a line of carriages. The railway run occupied fifteen minutes from Clifton Down to Avonmouth, where the first turf of the great new dock was to be cut. Alderman Howell Davies, Chairman of the Docks Committee, and Sir John Aird, M.P., the contractor, were at once presented to the Prince and Princess. To the address of welcome the Prince replied by alluding to the advantages gained by further facilities of inter-communication. Then, after a prayer had been said, and the silver model of a steam-navy had been accepted by the Prince, he touched a lever which set the machinery at work, and the first turf was cut, the steam-navy lifting half a ton of earth and discharging it into a truck. That over, the Prince and Princess visited the *Port Royal*, a West India liner in dock with a cargo of bananas from Jamaica. Subsequently the Lord Mayor presided at a luncheon, at which 400 guests sat down.

PROVISIONAL STAMP FOR
MAURITIUS.

and the silver model of a steam-navy had been accepted by the Prince, he touched a lever which set the machinery at work, and the first turf was cut, the steam-navy lifting half a ton of earth and discharging it into a truck. That over, the Prince and Princess visited the *Port Royal*, a West India liner in dock with a cargo of bananas from Jamaica. Subsequently the Lord Mayor presided at a luncheon, at which 400 guests sat down.

LORD METHUEN'S CAPTURE.

Not since the early days of the war has such disquieting news been received as that contained in the telegram read by Mr. Brodrick on March 10 in the House of Commons. The message announced a reverse on March 7

mention in despatches, a C.B., and the Osmanieh Medal. Several years' service in South Africa followed, and in 1897 he acted as Press Censor to the Tirah Expedition. To South Africa he returned at the outbreak of the



A COSWAY SOLD FOR 1000 GUINEAS.

The miniature, which was purchased on March 6 at Messrs. Christie's by Messrs. Duveen, represents Madame du Barry, the favourite of Louis XV.

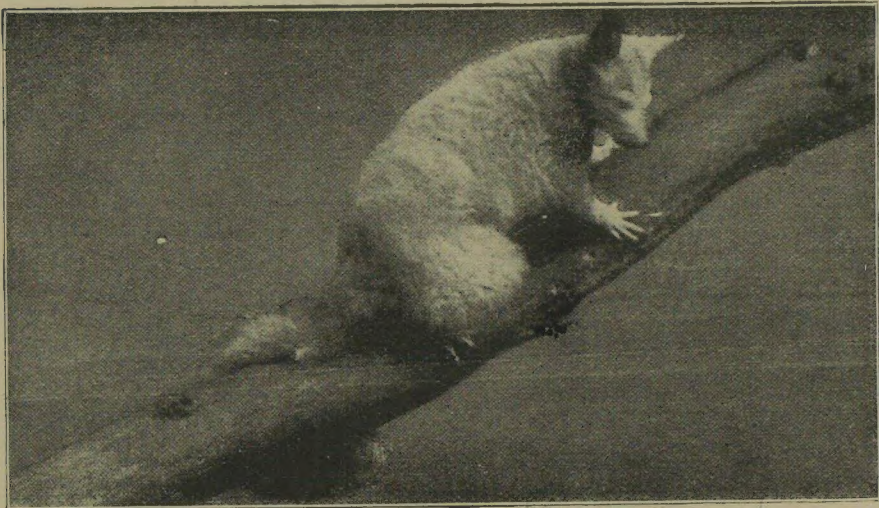
present war, and while in command of the Kimberley Relief Column he fought in quick succession the successful actions of Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River. A few days later he sustained the crushing

NEW COLONIAL STAMPS.

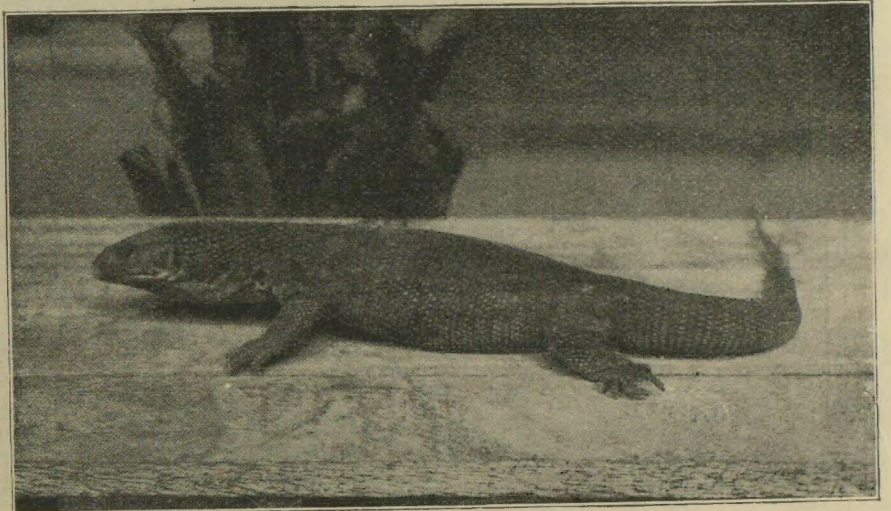
The £1 Victoria stamp issued in November was in reality the first to have a portrait of King Edward; but the three stamps of the Cayman Islands were the first to be used on ordinary correspondence, and will, no doubt, be popularly considered the earliest. They were issued on Dec. 20, 1901, thus antedating our own King Edward stamps by eleven days. The Cayman Islands are dependencies of Jamaica, the affairs of the islands being managed by a Commissioner. The new Mauritius stamp is supplied by Messrs. Bright and Son; that of the Cayman Islands by Ewen's Colonial Stamp Market. Considerable interest has been naturally taken by collectors and, indeed, by the public generally, in the question of "first Edwards" and "last Victorias," and the claimants to the latter honour we have already described and illustrated.

THE FIRST KING EDWARD
STAMP ISSUED, DEC. 20, 1901.THE "WAESLAND"
DISASTER.

A collision took place between the Houston liner *Harmonides* and American liner *Waesland* in a dense fog off the Anglesey coast about midnight on Wednesday, March 5. Forty minutes after the crash, the *Waesland* sank. So excellent was the spirit displayed on board both vessels, and the order preserved, that all the 114 passengers on the *Waesland* were saved except two, as were all the crew, who numbered an additional eighty-nine. While No. 1 life-boat, in which had been placed twelve passengers, was being lowered, the stern slipped from the davits and left the boat hanging in a perpendicular position. All on board were thrown into the sea with the exception of one man, named Dangerfield, whose head got fatally crushed against the side of the boat. The immersed persons were all rescued from the waves except one little girl, named Emmett. The other boats, ten in number, safely transferred their passengers from the *Waesland* to the *Harmonides*, which was invisible in the fog, but which industriously

A PRESENT FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS:
AUSTRALIAN VULPINE PHALANGER (ALBINO).

Phalangers are small woolly-coated animals with long powerful prehensile tails. Some possess flying membranes between their fore and hind limbs. They live mostly on fruit, leaves, and blossoms, but some few relish insects, and in captivity occasional small birds.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS:
THE WHITE-THROATED MONITOR.

This reptile is a native of South Africa, and no specimen has ever lived long in this country. It was presented by Mr. William Cross on January 22 of this year. The Monitors are a family classed as first in the sub-order Cionocrania of the lizards.

sustained by our arms in the Western Transvaal, resulting in the loss of 119 British killed and wounded, four guns, one pom-pom, and 201 prisoners, among whom was Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen himself. Over 300 men were unaccounted for. Lord Methuen had been moving from Vryburg to Lichtenburg with 900 mounted men under Major Paris, and 300 infantry, and had been attacked by Delarey between Tweebosch and Palmietkuil. The column was moving in two sections, the ox-wagons in advance and the mule-wagons an hour's march behind. Just after dawn a large party of Boers attacked the British force in front and on both flanks, and despite a spirited resistance, the situation soon became desperate. The rear screen broke, the baggage-animals stampeded, and a rout ensued. Major Paris, with forty men, gallantly defended the ox-wagons until ten a.m., when he was forced to surrender. Lord Methuen, who was wounded in the thigh, was detained a close prisoner in his own wagon. It was announced that he was being well cared for. Delarey's force, which numbered about 1500, wore British uniforms, which may in some measure account for the surprise.

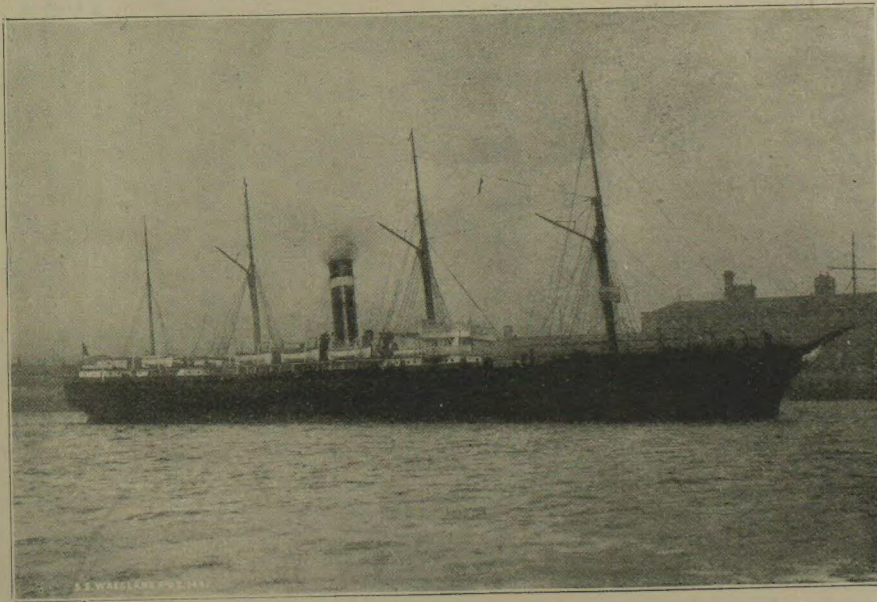
Paul Sanford Methuen, third Baron Methuen, was born in 1845, and was educated at Eton. In 1862 he joined the Wiltshire Yeomanry as a cornet, and two years later entered the Army as a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards. He became Captain in 1867, and Colonel in 1881. In 1873 he served on the Gold Coast; and in 1874 took part in the Ashanti War, and was present at the battle of Amoaful, where he won the medal with clasp. During the Egyptian War of 1882 he fought at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and his conduct won him a

defeat at Magersfontein, which action he directed from his Cape-cart, being wounded at the time. He set himself doggedly to live down this misfortune. At Boshof he destroyed the force of de Villebois-Mareuil, and afterwards came very near to rescuing the Yeomanry at Lindley, whither he made a forced march. He has been engaged with De Wet or Delarey on the Magaliesberg range, at Lichtenburg, Zeerust, and Klerksdorp; and captured Snyman and his force. In September of last year he fought a sharp action with his present captor on the Great Marico River.

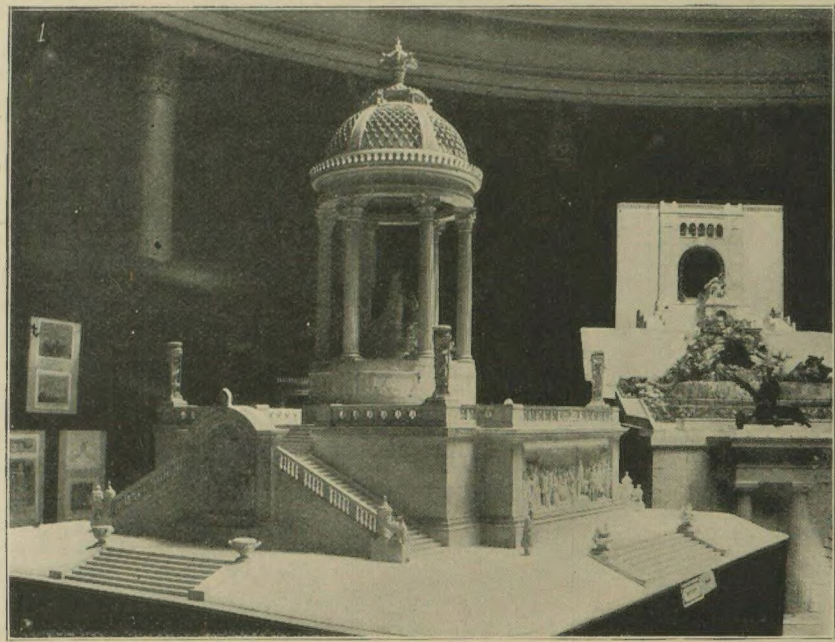
made her whereabouts known by whistles and signals. The *Waesland* was formerly the Cunard steamer *Russia*. She was built in 1867 for the service of that line, and was taken over in 1883.

THE NORWEGIAN WINTER MILITARY
MANŒUVRES.

A country like Norway, which, for four or five months in the year is covered in deep snow, must necessarily devote great attention to the improvement of the mobility of her troops in the winter and to overcoming the difficulties of camping out in the severe cold in those latitudes. The military authorities in Norway have long been aware of the necessity of training the soldiers to the use of "ski," the most rapid and easy mode of getting about from one part to the other of the mountainous country in the heavy snow. Last month a series of manœuvres and sham fights took place in the neighbourhood of Christiania. It was an interesting sight to watch the soldiers nimbly ascend the hillsides on their slight ski—which to the uninitiated seems an almost impossible feat—to attack the supposed enemy on the heights above, or, at other times, rushing down the slopes in their hundreds at lightning speed. One of our Illustrations shows the detachment on its way back to town at the end of the manœuvres. The men seemed thoroughly to enjoy their winter campaign. There was not a single case of any illness or injury in the detachment, thus proving that the Norwegians of to-day are not altogether unworthy descendants of their forefathers, "the hardy Norsemen of yore."

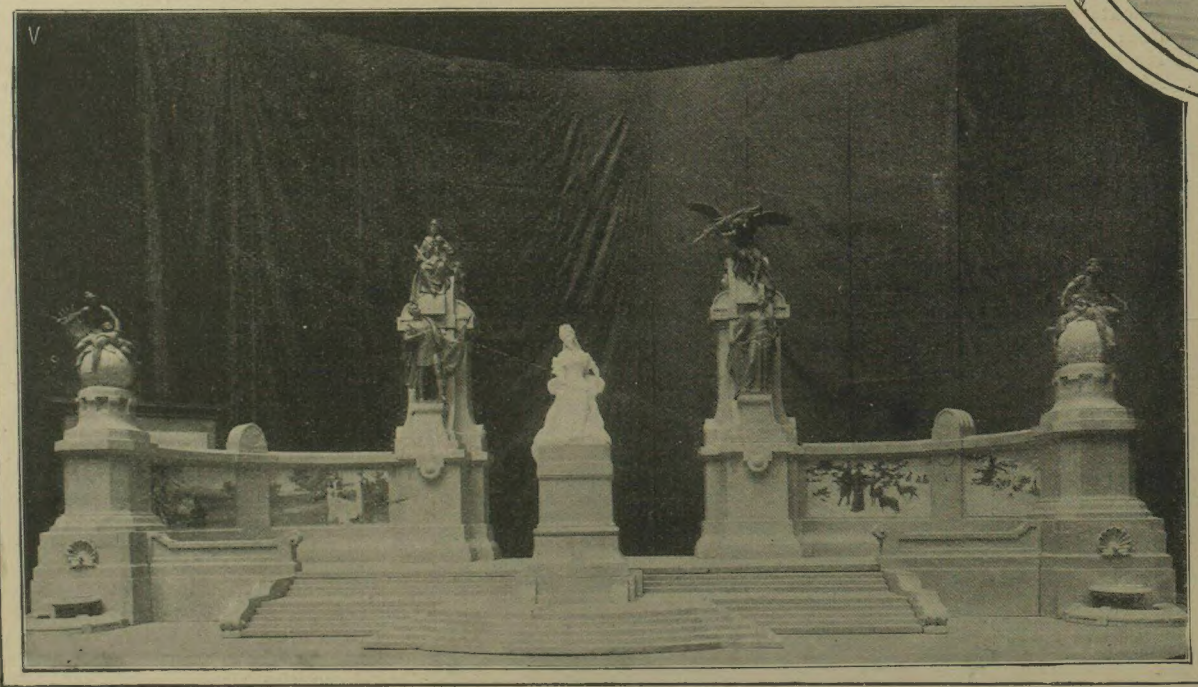
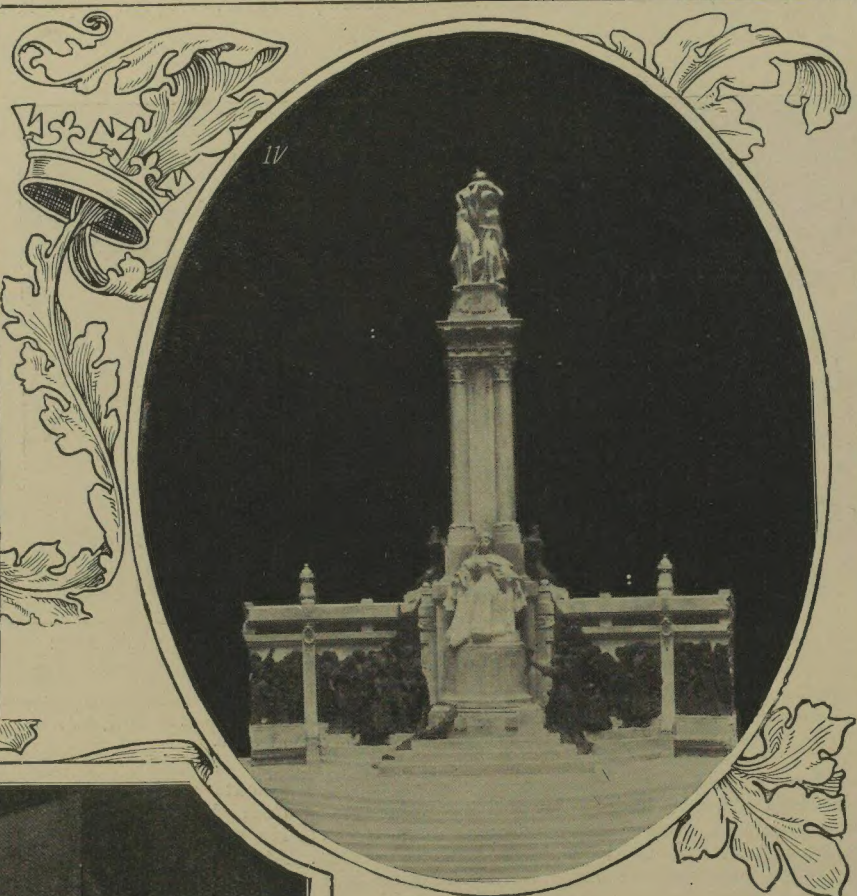
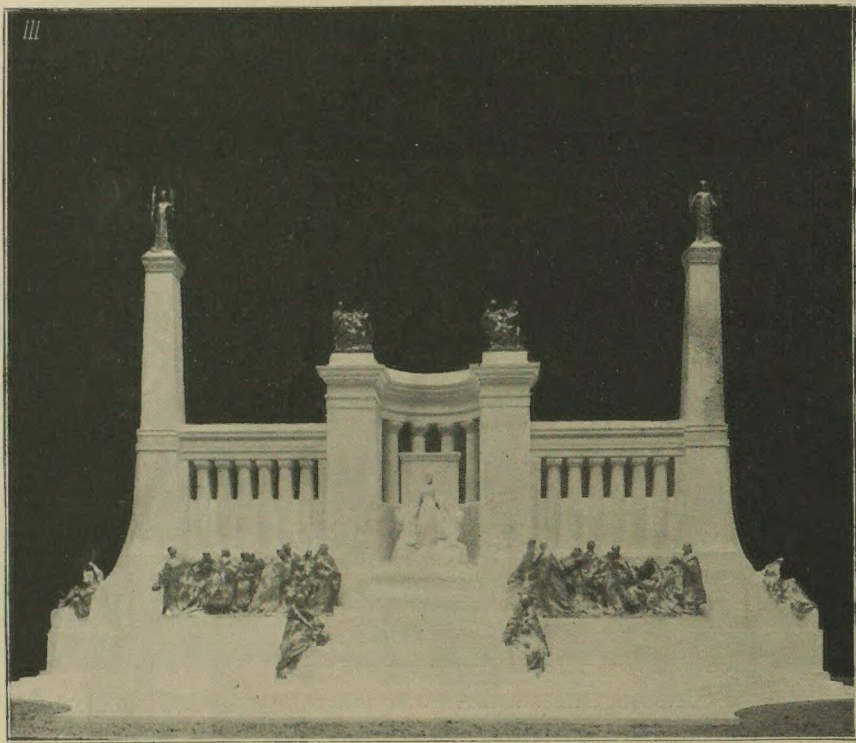
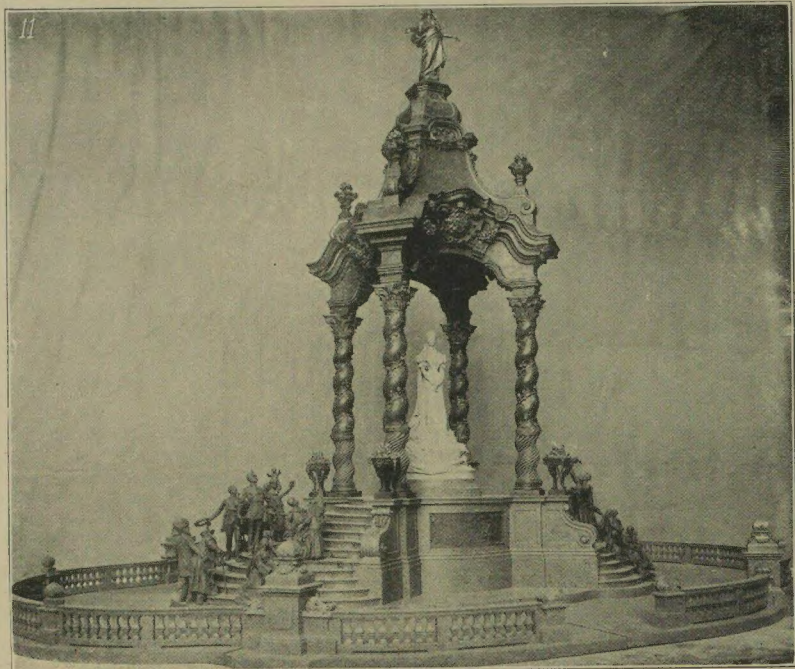


THE AMERICAN LINER "WAESLAND," SUNK OFF ANGLESEY, MARCH 5.



COMPETITIVE DESIGNS FOR
THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH MEMORIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SORGER.



1. THE SECOND PRIZE DESIGN.
2. AN UNCLASSED DESIGN.

3. THE FIRST PRIZE DESIGN FOR THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH MEMORIAL
AT BUDA-PESTH, BY ZALA.

4. THE THIRD PRIZE DESIGN. 5. ANOTHER UNCLASSED DESIGN.
6. THE EMPRESS'S STATUE IN ONE OF THE UNCLASSED DESIGNS.

A BIT OF TO-DAY.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

*

Illustrated by Gunning King.

"HE will recover," said the half-a-dozen doctors assembled in solemn conclave around his bed. So he died.

The wisest of them, putting on his admirable chastened expression, went to tell the widow. The dead man, as all will remember, was close upon eighty, the widow not twenty-five.

"Dear me!" she said nervously, squeezing the two bull-pups that had sat up in her lap to scowl at the doctor. "How very dreadful! How very dreadful and sad! Black doesn't suit me at all." This last sentence she spoke to her maid when the doctor had gone away.

She was Mrs. Peter van Dobben, one of the wealthiest women in New York City. Three years ago she had been the struggling daughter of a Baptist minister in that same place.

Frocks were her struggle, and gloves, and especially boots. Nine brothers and sisters grew up underneath her, whom she hated because they seemed to be pushing her out of what home she had. She was like a sweet flaxen doll, all pink and fluffy. Old Peter van Dobben, the millionaire rubber-merchant, fetched her away one fine morning out of her disdainful drudgery, and planted her in a big bay window with a fine view of other bay windows, peopled by lesser millionaires.

Now, three short years later, he was dead. The childless widow, with much-bejewelled hand, settled her pretty back-hair and talked to her maid of fashions in mourning. Occasionally she wondered about the will. A will is an important consideration to the childless young widow of the richest old corpse in New York.

The next thing to happen was that she knew about the will. A great many things, of course, happened before—the arrival of the "casket" among others—but all seemed to have faded away into forgetfulness in the face of the enormous fact of the will. It had been made just six months ago, and it left every penny old Peter possessed to "my nearest relation in Holland."

Mrs. van Dobben put her black-bordered pocket-handkerchief into her pocket at once. She had stopped crying, even in public, the day before the funeral. The papers said her self-command was wonderful.

"Who, pray, is this nearest relation?" she demanded. The solicitor could not tell.

"Find out!" said the widow.

Her tone, he thought, was distinctly unfitting, considering her altered circumstances. He began to talk of difficulties, possible delays. She stopped him.

"Telegraph to Consuls," she said. "What are Consuls for?"

"Well, yes," replied the lawyer, with meditative noddings, "I can book that, of course, as legitimate expenditure." She looked at him; suddenly she realised that she was poor. She rose with a not ungraceful movement, and went to her jewel-box that stood upon a side-table. She unlocked it, extracted a string of pearls, and almost flung them in the lawyer's face.

"My dear Madam! My dear Madam!" he protested, bobbing back from the table.

"There can be no difficulty about the matter," she

said with dignity. "Mr. van Dobben came of a very important Dutch family. He hardly ever spoke of his relations, but he always gave me to understand that they were highly connected. He ran away from school in his youth as a cabin-boy. There is no particular hurry, now I come to think of it. Have the goodness, Mr. Par-simmons, to make the necessary inquiries."

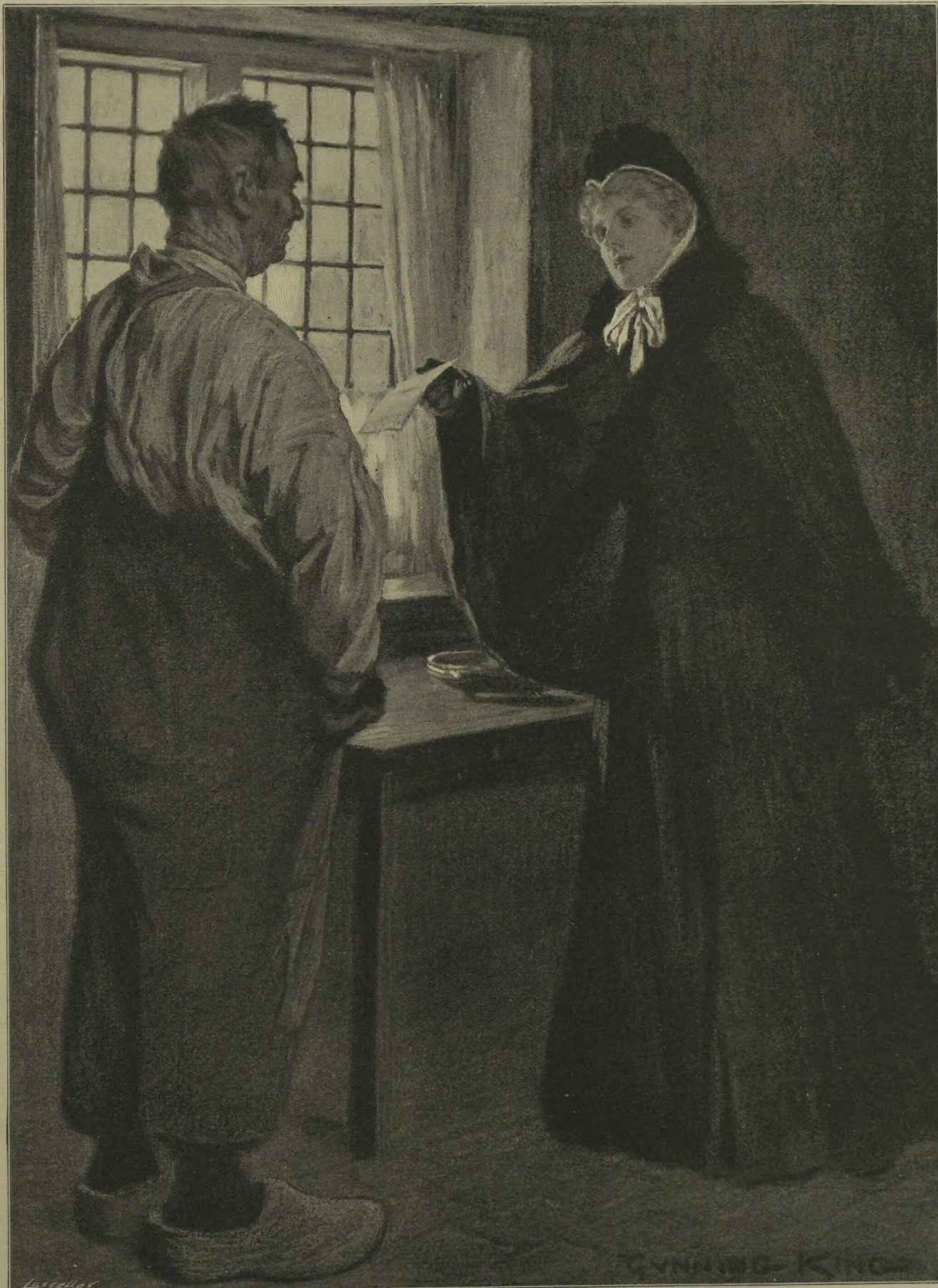
The lawyer, thus dismissed, went away and did a lot of cabling. Not with immediate success. When he called at "the van Dobben mansion" next morning, he was informed that the widow had sailed at day-break for Europe. She had left a little letter for the lawyer. He found it to contain the torn half of a thousand-dollar note, and the curt information that the other half would be his if he stopped his inquiries for a fortnight.

Meanwhile the lady lay groaning and gurgling in her state room. She could never endure the sea, at its smoothest; a ripple made her cry out for death. But death came not, though she cried for him very often. Whereby he showed that he knew women, and, of course, his experience of their weaknesses is large. She arrived safely in Liverpool, and she pointed out to the waiter that very evening, gently but firmly, that really the steak he had brought her was a trifle overdone.

She scolded, and even bullied, the maid she had brought with her in much more explicit tones. If no man be a hero to his valet, no woman is an angel to her maid. The maid almost forgave her. "Something wrong about the will," said the maid.

In the solitude of boat-cabin and hotel bed-room, Gladys van Dobben—her father, the Baptist minister, had named her Hannah—would draw a scrap of paper from an innermost recess of her silver-gilt dressing-case, and sit staring at it for ten minutes at a stretch. Immediately after the reading of the will she had gone straight to her dead husband's desk and looked over all she could find of his private belongings. In a drawer, put away by itself, she had found the letter she held in her hand.

It was a Dutch letter; she could not make out a sentence of it. But it began, "Dierbare broeder," and that, she felt, must stand for "Dear brother"; it was signed "Jacobus"—i.e., Jacob, and it was directed from Slapsloot, a place, as revealed by the postage-stamp, in Holland. The date of the letter was barely a



She went and took the letter he had written, and held it under his nose.

fortnight previous to that of the will. Now, old Peter, never loquacious, had rarely referred to his pre-American days. Once he had spoken, with energy, of an only brother who, wiser than he, had resisted the temptation to marry. The occasion was a recent one, the night, as she remembered too distinctly, preceding the making of the will. For the date of this unknown will had come as a revelation.

On the 8th of June he had made it. On the 7th they had had that stupid tiff about Charlie. It was absurd of old Peter to be jealous of Charlie. She had always been so careful about Charlie. But these rich old curmudgeons were all like that. He had laughed away the quarrel, with the words, "Let us say no more about it"; and next day he, who had sworn a hundred times that she was his only relative and should inherit all his property, had gone and made a will leaving everything to this unmarried, unknown brother. She had understood the brother to be long since dead. She had always behaved decently to Peter. Poor Charlie!

She had started immediately for Europe, without any definite purpose, perhaps, but with several indefinite ones, in search of "Jacobus." Who was Jacobus? She pictured him to herself as a sort of younger Peter, but with probably more of that old-world refinement which American money-making is apt to rub off. She had once met a couple of Dutch gentlemen in society. They spoke English with ease. She had thought them singularly delightful—"Knickerbocker," you know—Washington Irving.

All that she cared about in life, except Charlie, now belonged to "Jacobus." She thought it out constantly during the voyage: her boudoir in the New York house, with the genuine French tapestry (wonderful imitation), belonged to Jacobus; the two iron-grey ponies at "The Grange" belonged to Jacobus; the cottage at Newport was his. The idea became an obsession. She counted up a dozen lesser items—her pretty round lips cursed Jacobus.

"Well, I guess we're *there*!" said the maid, with a swoop; and commenced unlocking a trunk in the bedroom at the Euston Hotel.

Her mistress sat up. "Don't unpack. We go on this evening, by the night boat, to Holland."

"What place, please?" cried the maid.

"Slapsloot," said the widow van Dobben.

"And where's that?" cried the maid.

"I haven't the faintest idea; but we shall be there to-morrow."

It is superfluous to add that they were.

Not, however, without some slight complications, consequent upon their being compelled to quit paths along which the English language still possesses a more or less uncertain value.

On arriving at "The Hook," Mrs. van Dobben had inquired for the city of Slapsloot. It had been rather disconcerting to discover that the place in any form, big or little, was unknown at the Hook. A time-table proved inefficacious. She had to go on to Amsterdam—and everything was most delightfully quaint and unlike anything—and the hotel-porter found Slapsloot for her ultimately in the "Postal Guide."

"I am greatly worried, and very badly treated, and it's all very sad and a great shame," said Gladys, lying back on a couch and surveying the canals, "but, dear me, I wonder what's going to happen. I feel very curious and interested. It's all so exciting, especially Jacobus."

In the biggest room of the biggest hotel of the very small town nearest Slapsloot she prosecuted her investigations as to the best methods of "getting there." She had taken a guide with her. It was a great satisfaction to reflect that here, at least, she was miles away, literally and figuratively, from the inquisitive New York lawyer. She had nearly a week left—quite enough for her projects, whatever these might turn out to be.

"Inquire," she said with bold grandiloquence, "about the mansion of Mynheer Jacobus van Dobben!"

Mine host shook his head; but he was a heavy man, caring for nothing outside his immediate ken.

"We shall find out when we get there"; and she got into what they called "the conveyance." She thought it most cunning. A sort of mediæval fly. But as soon as it began to tilt across the cobbles she clung on to the seat, with a face that jerked and worked like—well, like molten lead, for instance, when suddenly cooled. She had brought an English-speaking guide with her from Amsterdam, but she left him behind at the hotel. For she thought it would be a nuisance at her brother-in-law's house; he would talk about her hunting for Slapsloot, her inquiries and uncertainties. That was not at all her idea. She intended to inform Jacobus that she had talked so constantly of him with Peter, it seemed to her as if she had known and appreciated him all her life. Yes, she would say "appreciated." All at once, as she hung there, quivering, opposite her frightened and disgusted servant, she realised distinctly what she had come for, and what she intended to do.

She intended to marry Jacobus, seeing that she knew him to be unmarried. She had not understood this clearly before, but she felt sure of it now. There were difficulties in the way, but she was an American, a beauty—she smiled to herself—had she not married that inveterate old bachelor, Peter, as soon as she wanted to? The idea of legal disablement, such as exists in England, of course lay entirely outside her sphere of thought. She was going to marry Jacobus; she simply must. In the shaking wagonette she reflected on her ponies, the tapestry in the New York boudoir, the cottage at Newport—she simply *must*. And why not? She had married Peter. She pictured to herself this younger brother, a sort of Washington Irving Peter, as has been suggested before.

She drove on for hours through bleakest country; getting nervous, she probed the driver, but he only shook his head. When houses appeared in sight, she vainly questioned: Slapsloot? The answer took the form of another mile or two across the moor.

At last there came a turning to the longest road on record. A white mansion stood among gardens; a small village lay some distance beyond. The driver lifted his whip and pointed.

"Aha!" said Mrs. van Dobben. "Drive up to the house, if you please!" When he understood, the lethargic, lubberly lad obeyed her.

It was a handsome place, beautifully kept; Gladys nodded approval.

"Just like Peter!" she said, in passing a big notice-board: "Trespassers beware!" An old gentleman was walking in front of the house with a little brown dog. The dog yelped. An old lady sat on a bright green seat, knitting. The widow at once noticed the old gentleman's resemblance to Peter. The old lady disconcerted her with violent heart-bumpings. For she, the old lady, seemed so palpably the old gentleman's wife.

The vehicle, with its unwonted contents, stopped in a final rattle. For the old gentleman had posted himself in front of it; the little dog barked very loud.

The beautiful American had recovered her self-possession. "Mynheer van Dobben?" she said.

"By no means, Madam," came the prompt Dutch reply. The stolid boy took no notice.

"I—I beg your pardon," faltered Gladys.

The old gentleman answered testily in English that his name was Pock.

"Perhaps," continued the fair widow, annoyed by his manner, "it would not be too much to ask you to direct the driver to the house of Mynheer Jacobus van Dobben at Slapsloot?"

"I never heard the name; there's no such person," replied the old gentleman.

"Indeed, there doesn't seem to be any other house of importance in sight," said Gladys, desperately, to the maid.

The dog never ceased barking; the surly old gentleman had walked away to the house; the old lady sat watching.

"Drive on to the village," said Gladys in disgust. The village proved a very small one; a sudden shower, long expected, broke across it with a violence that sent the very hens skeltering for cover; the wagonette dripped. In the deserted street a rather nice-looking dwelling revived Gladys's spirits; it turned out to be the parsonage; the minister and his wife were both out.

"I am certain Jacobus lives at Slapsloot," said Gladys, half crying. "I must see him; I must speak to him; I cannot make it out at all."

"Please let us go back before we're murdered," said the maid.

"I won't," replied the mistress, with acerbity. "Do you think I've come across from New York without reason? My whole future depends on my speaking with my dead husband's brother *at once*."

"You might inquire," began the maid, "in a day or two—"

"If I could employ others—if I could wait a day or two," interrupted Gladys, "I should have been utterly crazy to have come at all." And, indeed, already her whole simple plan of campaign had taken shape. Of course, she intended to present herself as the owner of Peter's many millions. Jacobus must have engaged himself to marry her—must have married her—before he learnt the truth.

She had already got to hate most thoroughly the slow, suspicious Dutch peasantry before the driver had succeeded, amid the rainy wretchedness and desolation, in unearthing an individual who shook favourable response to her weary iteration of inquiry.

"Jaap Dobbe? Why didn't you say Jaap Dobbe?" remonstrated the individual. Gladys's face suddenly beamed. "He knows?" she exclaimed excitedly. "Eh, driver? Mynheer van Dobben, eh?" Animated confabulation followed between the two Dutchmen—then came another drive through brushwood and over moorland. At last a wide white building appeared amid loneliness. Before this the driver drew up with a bump.

"What now?" demanded Peter's widow.

"Jaap Dobbe," said the driver.

"Absurd," replied the widow.

The place was a small farmhouse. The green door opened slowly; a ponderous figure solemnly framed itself in the doorway.

"Jaap Dobbe?" cried the driver.

The figure nodded assent.

A moment of terrible hesitation—then Mrs. van Dobben flung herself out of the wagonette, and hurried through the pouring wet into the cottage.

The fat man, amazed beyond power of protest, had stood aside to let her pass. She sank down on a straw-bottomed chair—in her ultra-fashionable mourning—and covered, for a moment, her face with one hand.

Then she straightened herself, and looked at the man. He was enormous—purple-faced, quite common—a peasant, and in peasant dress.

Some absurd mistake, of course—not a bit like thin, rarified Peter.

She hesitated, uncertain how best to end this ridiculous episode.

Then, feeling she must say something, she remarked—"Slapsloot?"

The fat man gave a voluble affirmative reply.

"Van Dobben?" she continued desperately.

"Jaap Dobbe," said the man, and a lot more.

Again she hesitated. She realised that one thing must be done at once, and she did it. Closing her eyes, with sickening tension, she drew a paper from under her corage and laid it on the table.

When she opened her eyes the man was grinning painfully and nodding.

She knew that this was Jacobus.

Awful as that moment was she did not lose her presence of mind. In a flash of lightning that seemed to burn across her brain she saw all the things over yonder in America, all the things that made life life; she walked away to the window; she looked out and came back again. "Peter dead," she said, and swept her hand down the crape of her skirt.

"Ja—ja," replied Peter's brother.

They stood facing each other for some minutes, inevitably inarticulate. Outside, the dreary wagonette waited with the maid, in the rain. Gladys went and closed the door. At last, the sheer impossibility of all preliminaries driving her to desperation—

"Much money," she said. He stared at her.

"Money mine," she continued, and in spite of herself she blushed crimson.

When she lifted her eyes to his face she saw he had not understood!

A few drops of spite gathered in her lovely blue eyes; then she knitted her brows and pondered.

Presently she drew a silver florin from her purse and laid it on the table; he watched her. She put her finger on the coin and then rapidly waved her arms in a circle. He understood—he understood—much money!

She pointed her finger to her breast.

He took off his cap. Thank Heaven! he had understood.

He stood bowing before her. Yes, certainly, he had understood.

She turned to the window and sat down deliberately, with her back to him, feeling that, in the first place, she must resolutely collect her thoughts.

Her husband had, of course, lied to her from the first about his relations. She could feel annoyed, but not angry with him for that; she would have done it herself.

The most natural thing now looked to leave the house immediately and go back again. Where? To what? Penniless. To New York. The wealthy widow van Dobben. Back to father and mother. One idea had dominated her, as she now understood, from the moment of the reading of Peter's will.

She was pretty, but how many people were pretty! And she would be a great deal less pretty than the rich Mrs. van Dobben had been. She remembered how old Peter's offer had come to her as a windfall, incredible, too good to be true. Her own mother had exclaimed, Is it possible? Her father had said it was the Lord's doing; she herself had trembled daily lest old Peter should die before they had been to the church. Such things did not happen twice in a woman's lifetime. No second millionaire—the ponies—the boudoir with the hangings!

She had taken Peter. She stole a cautious side-glance at Jacobus. He was the owner of Peter's millions, and that, as she well knew, in our day is all-sufficient. She would start him in London; New York would follow. It is easy to make up your mind, when no choice is left you. In a few days he would hear about his inheritance, and then, certainly, he wouldn't marry her.

At the thought of this she gave a gasp. Rising from her chair, she went and took the letter he had written, and held it under his nose. Her little white, jewelled fingers moved under the two opening words.

"Dierbare broeder." She goggled up at him with her innocent blue eyes.

"Dierbare broeder?" She tried to pronounce the words. He roared with laughter; but when he saw the sentimental tears gathering in the lovely eyes he stopped abruptly, and looking thoroughly ashamed of himself, stroked with one red paw the little white hand.

She looked out into the pouring rain. Could she stay here that night? With signs she explained her dilemma. He caught at her meaning. Fortunately, the small farmhouse, like so many others, had two tiny rooms, unlet, for summer lodgers. He threw open a door and exhibited them, scrupulously neat.

"At least he is clean," she thought. "How clean all these people are! Peter was right about that."

She went to the entrance and called "Bridget!" The maid arrived, sour-faced. Jacobus, stumbling awkwardly, fetched the bags and wraps. Gladys wrote a note to the guide, bidding him come next morning to the village inn at Slapsloot ("Is there one, I wonder?" she reflected), and sent it off by the driver. As the wagonette rumbled away into the rain-mist across the heath, she felt like the leader of men when the smoke hid his burning ships.

Braced by this consciousness of a great emergency, she began to play her little part. She opened her big dressing-bag and extracted its gilt-stoppered blandishments. Soft perfumes, soft lawns, and laces; an atmosphere of refinement and feminine attraction spread about her. But this sort of thing, as she well understood, is repellant to a rustic, unless, by being mixed with simplicity, it becomes irresistible. In the midst of her inevitable luxury, therefore, she was most natural and charming. She thoroughly enjoyed the humble fare he set before her; she helped scornful Bridget to lay the table. Constant misunderstandings gave rise to unceasing merriment. They "supped," with beer and steel forks, amid much gesticulation and roars of laughter. Suddenly Gladys sobered. A tear lay on her cheek. "Poor Peter!" she said. And she showed Jacobus Peter's portrait in her locket. It took a long time and much motion for Jacobus to explain that Peter had been better-looking in his youth.

"More like Jacobus?" Well, yes, more like Jacobus. Conversation, however, languished after supper. The success of the evening was certainly the widow's fearful faces over a drop of Jacobus's best Dutch gin. But, after that, all three were glad to get to bed. As Jacobus lighted the candle, he asked his new sister-in-law's name—"Naam? Naam?"

When he had understood it—not before it was written down—he shook his head over the bit of paper. For "Gladys" in Dutch means "slippery ice," and there are proverbs about not venturing near it.

Happily unconscious of this unlucky coincidence, the pretty widow retired to rest in her cupboard of a room. The poverty of her surroundings strengthened and encouraged her. After a period of preliminary wakefulness she slept soundly, and awoke to the chirruping of birds behind a sunlit window-blind.

She lay revolving her immediate future. She must marry Jacobus without delay—any moment failure overwhelming might befall her—he would learn some sort of English, and have the best London tailor; in her three years of millionaire society she had met dozens of brutes no better than he. After all, she lived in the twentieth century, which knows but one class distinction—gold.

She was aroused from these not unpleasant reflections by the muffled music of gigglings and scufflings aloud. Little feminine squeaks of excitement mingled with lower guffaws. She leapt from her bed and peered behind the blind.

What she saw was Bridget romping round the cow with Jacobus. Bridget, it appeared—in sudden reminiscence of her Irish home—was attempting to milk that quadruped, and Jacobus was doing his best to prevent her.

When Gladys got back into bed again, she pulled the sheet over her ears, and furiously bit a hole in it.

The next moment she rang her hand-bell, peal upon peal, for her maid. She was as sharp as she dared to be with this menial, for American domestics are not European. "How common the common people are!" she said to herself. She sent a message to Jacobus that she would have breakfast in her room. Jacobus, Bridget informed her, had gone to the village.

When she made her appearance in the kitchen a couple of hours later, she found her brother-in-law waiting there in company with a half-grown youth. The latter informed her in broken but intelligible English that he was the son of the local pastor, studying for a school-master, and that Jacobus had fetched him to act as interpreter. She hesitated for a moment; then she boldly put Jacobus's letter in the lad's hands. Jacobus turned purple. "Nay, nay!" he exclaimed. Then he seemed to think better of it, and drew back the hand he had extended.

With amazement the widow van Dobben heard the contents of the letter. It was a confession, after close on a quarter of a century. The younger brother wrote to tell the other that he, the younger, on the father's death, had kept the entire inheritance of more than two hundred pounds. He had done so because a partition would signify the sale of the cottage, ruin. But his horrible secret of wrong-doing left him no rest by night or day. So he wrote now at last, entreating pardon, promising restitution. What would become of him he knew not. The letter was addressed to Mr. Peter van Dobben, in America. Of course it had at once reached the Peter van Dobben. For all Jacobus could guess, the runaway was long since dead. Perhaps he hoped so.

Receiving no answer, he had accepted this view, not ungratefully. Peter, on his part, had stuck to his original opinion, that all his Dutch connections were best left untraced.

And now Peter's widow had brought him the letter. Probably with a message from Peter, for she was a rich lady, a great lady; he could not believe that his brother, in dying, would have turned him out of his humble house and home. Tortured by uncertainty, he had gone to fetch the scholar. He now asked humbly what the message was.

Gladys saw her chance at once. "I have no message," she said.

His face fell; the great, good-natured red face turned almost pale.

"Of course he will have to refund the money," she added. She even said "principal and interest," for in business matters a woman rarely knows where to stop; but the school-boy's English did not stretch the length of "principal."

"Ja—ja," said Jacobus, and his fat body shook. She eyed him contemptuously, this ridiculous Dutch peasant, with his conscience and his comic misfortune, one of the wealthiest magnates, had he but known it, of New York. He might know it—to-morrow. She resolved not to go too far.

She sat down by the kitchen-table; and her mourning fell about her in very becoming folds. She was delightful to look at, and she knew it. She ought to have been enjoying a period of dignified seclusion at "The Grange." Her heart cried out in hate of Peter.

"Tell Mr. Jacobus van Dobben," she said, "that his brother died enormously wealthy."

"Ja—ja," said Jacobus.

"His wish was that all his money should pass to Mr. Jacobus—"

"Eh?" said the latter.

"On condition of his marrying me."

"I—I—I would rather not," said Jacobus.

The boy checked a grin, and translated a more courteous rejection of the offer.

"Is the man mad?" cried the enraged widow. But a little later she condescended to more rational parley.

"And ruin?" she said, staring at Jacobus. "Ruin?"

"Heaven help me!" he replied; but a lot of little beads stood out on his forehead.

She rose; she swept up the rough kitchen once or twice; then she stopped in front of the man.

"You refuse to marry me? Refuse?"

"I—I—I would rather not," said Jacobus.

She looked long at his distracted, yet dogged

countenance. Then she sank down by the table and burst into tears.

"It is I who am ruined," she sobbed, her face in her hands, "for Peter has left Jacobus all his money, and trusted his honour to marry me."

Jacobus needed no translation of the tears, which most greatly distressed him. The words, when he understood them, seemed to trouble him even more.

"My—my, what?" he stammered.

"Honour," repeated the youth, in huge enjoyment of the scene.

Jacobus waited a long time—and the widow wept a great deal—before he said huskily, "I'll do it."



THE LAUNCH OF THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT AT NEW YORK: THE "METEOR" JUST AFTER ENTERING THE WATER.

The widow stopped crying, sat up, and bade the boy go for his father. Her idea of European marriage laws was built up on Mr. Jingle's special license, Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife," and a recent Scotch scandal in New York society. In Dakota you could be married in five minutes; Europe was slow, aristocratic; you would probably need twelve.

But it took an hour and a half to fetch the parson. Meanwhile Jacobus withdrew to the yard, with a promise to return which she did not apprehend. She took a novel from her bag and tried to read it.

"Madam," said the minister, standing in the middle of the kitchen. He was a long-necked individual, with a look skywards, and every word that he uttered was important.

"It cannot!" exclaimed the minister; "the banns—!" He had looked out this word in his son's dictionary before starting.

"A special license!" cried Gladys.

"Will want a fourteen night."

"A fortnight! Why not say three months?"

"And now I am coming to consider him, Madam, when did your husband retire?"

"Some weeks ago," answered Gladys, blushing crimson.

"You cannot in our country, then, remarry for nearly a year."

The widow van Dobben put her black-bordered bit of cambric in front of her face, and burst into very real tears.

"Nay! nay!" remonstrated Jacobus, who, of course, had not understood a word. The minister rapidly enlightened him.

Meanwhile Gladys sobbed on, disconsolate, crushed. Good-bye to the ponies and the tapestry.

Her distressful beauty much exercised the minister. He began to speak in tenderest tones.

"I am thinking," he said, "a friend is coming. He will help you. The vehicle is arrived from the town, and your guide; and it has brought a gentleman, a compatriot, inquiring. I see them at the inn. I am thinking I hear rumblings."

Jacobus was thinking so too, for he went to the door. A moment later he moved his portly body aside, letting pass Mr. Parsimmons, the American lawyer.

"Mrs. Peter van Dobben, I am glad to have found you," said the lawyer.

"But you've lost your thousand dollars," replied the widow with animus.

"I am not so certain of that." The lawyer smiled.

"It wants three days to your fortnight—"

"Even though it wanted four! I came after you as quickly as I could, for, on the day of your departure, I received a sealed envelope from a friend

of your late husband, inscribed to be sent to Mr. Parsimmons twenty-four hours after the reading of the will."

"Well? well?" stuttered the widow, tearing holes in her handkerchief.

"It contained a second will, Madam, made a couple of hours after the first. In it he left you, with the exception of a considerable legacy to his brother"—Mr. Parsimmons made a provoking pause—"all his property."

"The villain!" shrieked Gladys.

"A strange comment," said the lawyer coolly. "You shall pay me, mistress," he added to himself, "for this journey." Aloud, he continued: "For reasons I am unable to appreciate, your lamented husband wished to

create, during a brief period, an erroneous impression in your mind."

"The mean, spiteful villain!" wept Gladys.

"You are left entirely free to marry whom you like." The lawyer stole a look at Jacobus. "There is only one exception. A Mr. Charles—"

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed Gladys, rising. She was the richest widow of New York; she could afford to bully a solicitor. She walked with stately step to the door.

"And what is the end of it all?" questioned the puzzled Jacobus.

"Your brother has left all his money to his wife," replied the minister, "but it seems there is a legacy for you."

Jacobus gave a "shoof" of triumph.

"Then I shall marry Brigitta," he said.

THE END.



THE LAUNCH OF THE KAISER'S NEW YACHT AT NEW YORK: MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT CHRISTENING THE "METEOR" IN THE PRESENCE OF PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

"Madam!"—he looked from Gladys to Jacobus and back again—"I understand you wish to marry this worthy person. Well, what have I to do with that?"

"You speak very good English," replied Gladys, smiling more sweetly than she need have done had the remark been truer.

The minister bowed stately approval and waited for more.

The widow van Dobben laid down her yellow-back novel. "Marry us," she said.

"It shall be very pleasant to do so," replied the minister, "if spared."

"At once," said the widow van Dobben.

Meteor. From Washington to Jersey City the Prince and President Roosevelt and their parties journeyed, and went by ferry to Shooter's Island, enveloped in cold mist. Salutes were fired; and the Prince led Miss Roosevelt to a platform under the *Meteor's* bows. "In the name of the German Emperor, I christen thee *Meteor*!" she cried, flinging the traditional bottle of champagne (made in Germany) with a firm hand. Then, amid the roar of guns and the cheers of spectators, the President's daughter lifted a silver-mounted hatchet and parted the rope which held back the yacht. The *Meteor*, with a slight tremble, started forward, slid slowly down the slips, and took the water with safety and grace.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. VIII.: EDWARD I., PLANTAGENET.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CEREMONY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON AUGUST 19, 1274.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. IX.: EDWARD II. AND ISABELLA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CEREMONY AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON FEBRUARY 25, 1308



Photo. Autotype Co.

A FLORENTINE POET.
FROM THE PAINTING BY ALIX. CABANEL.

THE POPE'S SILVER JUBILEE: TAPESTRIES PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.



JOAN OF ARC HEARING THE HEAVENLY VOICES.

AFTER JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

At the Silver Jubilee of his Pontificate, which was celebrated on March 3, the Pope received costly presents from several of the States of Christendom. The gift sent to his Holiness by the Government of the French Republic consisted of two very beautiful pieces of Gobelin tapestry. The panels have been woven after the cartoons of Jean Paul Laurens, and represent two episodes in the life of Joan of Arc. The Pope, who was greatly pleased with the present, has given orders that the tapestries shall be placed in his private library. On the day of the celebration, 60,000 persons, pilgrims, cardinals, bishops, the envoys of all nationalities, who had come to Rome for the Jubilee of Leo XIII., assembled in the Basilica of St. Peter's. On the previous evening the venerable

Pontiff had completed his ninety-second year; so that there was, in effect, a double rejoicing—that over his birthday and over the twenty-fifth year of his tenure of the Holy See. The Basilica was adorned as it only is for the greatest festivals. The pillars were draped with red damask, fringed with gold, and the Pontifical throne was set under a rich canopy.

A special gallery had been fitted up to accommodate the Envoys Extraordinary sent by the various Governments, the same arrangements being made for the Diplomatic Corps. At eleven o'clock, preceded by a wonderful procession of cardinals, prelates, chamberlains, the Pope's Garde Noble and his Switzers, the Pontiff made his state entry, wearing his tiara, and borne aloft upon the Sedia Gestatoria. A great shout

of acclamation greeted him, and was prolonged until the moment when he took his seat upon the throne to assist at the Mass, which was celebrated by Cardinal Vanutelli. At the end of the service, the Pope reascended the Sedia, and his chamberlains hastened to return to him the heavy tiara, which he had put off during the Mass. The splendid procession then marched to the Altar of Confession, where Leo XIII. intoned the "Te Deum." At the close of the liturgical chant the Pontiff again mounted the Sedia, and with a dignified gesture blessed the assembly, who received the benediction prostrate. He bestowed another blessing before the Gallery of the Ambassadors to the sound of acclamations and applause, which did not cease until the cortège had disappeared within the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament.



THE DEPARTURE OF JOAN OF ARC ON HER MISSION.

AFTER JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Wanderings in Three Continents. By Sir Richard Burton. (London: Hutchinson. 16s.)
Princess Puck. By U. L. Silberrad. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
Gwendoline. By Thomas Cobb. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
Poems of Victor Hugo. Translated by Sir George Young. (London: Macmillan. 6s. 6d.)
Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Old Diaries: 1881-1901. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. (London: Murray. 15s.)
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. (London: Constable. 6s.)

A volume designed to offer in popular form a consensus of Sir Richard Burton's most important travels in three continents cannot fail to interest all people who take interest in lands beyond their own. Burton is one of the



CAPTAIN SIR RICHARD F. BURTON.

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most romantic figures that ever adorned our Consular service: he was a born explorer, a man whose great gift of languages and thorough comprehension of the Eastern mind fitted him for the most dangerous work. His scholarship, profound and wide, enabled him to reap the full benefits of his daring, and whether he went to Mecca, or Harar, or Dahomé, his record of the journey added largely to the general knowledge—sometimes even founded it. Students of Burton will not be satisfied with this volume, because they know the master through his greater works, and do not complain of the copious notes that are rigorously excluded from the book under discussion. But there is yet a large section of the public to which Burton's name recalls nothing more than certain Kamashastra classics that are not for popular reading, and this volume will at least introduce them to the author in quite another guise. Burton's fiery temper, his intolerance of ignorance in any form, his strong opinions, many grievances, and prejudices all helped to make him unpopular, and his unpopularity has extended to his books. This is matter for regret; the Victorian era cannot produce his equal as traveller, linguist, and anthropologist in combination. So far as Mecca is concerned, it is at least unlikely that the picture he paints is not true to-day. The Mormons are no more, and Africa has been altered, but the record of life in Dahomé and Harar half a century ago affords us knowledge of civilisation's achievements.

Viewed merely as a study of girl-nature, "Princess Puck" has a great deal to recommend it. Miss Silberrad writes with much insight and some charm, and the heroine, who goes through the story *incognito*, under the name of "Bill," is original and fascinating. For all that, we are not quite prepared to accept her as a type, or wholly to excuse, as the author would fain have us do, her little failings. Why should it be looked upon as a sort of decoration to go about with one boot laced with string? And why should Bill, to use her own phrase, have continued to be "a dirty worker" to the end of the chapter? We have a good deal of sympathy for her sometime lover, and can appreciate to a certain extent his attitude of annoyance when Bill mimics the servant. He would have been a finer character, no doubt, if he had not lost his temper; but at the same time he would have been scarcely human. We could have been content with less plot, and more of that admirable psychology which is displayed in the sketch of Polly and in the study of Bill in relation to her weak brother-in-law; indeed, the last-mentioned study might have been much amplified, as the view of life presented is fresh and unhackneyed. This volume is something more than readable, and may be safely commended for the family circle; for, despite its modern note, it contains none of the debatable matter too commonly a feature in the novel of to-day.

Mr. Cobb missed a fine opportunity when he entitled his latest volume "Gwendoline," which is vague, and even misleading, as the young lady in question is by no means the heroine of his story. "The Art of Polite Evasion" would have been at once more startling,

and a great deal nearer the mark. To put it very mildly, Gwendoline was not a truthful person, but that may have been the fault of her up-bringing. We fear that the story of George Washington and his hatchet had never been instilled into her infant mind, otherwise the course of duplicity upon which we find her here embarked would surely have been impossible. Or it may be that Mr. Cobb's purpose is wholly moral, and that his aim is to give point to the axiom that one lie calls for a dozen to back it up. That is as it may be: it is certain, however, that, as the devotee of Melpomene, Mr. Cobb cuts but a sorry figure, and the laughing Thaleia, piqued by his desertion, takes her revenge not once, nor twice, but many times. Yet, with the same elements and more of genius, Mr. Cobb might have made, not marred, his story; as things are, it is appallingly incongruous. For the rest, the material is handled skilfully enough, and the book is by no means uninteresting. The philanthropic old lady, who lived principally to change her mind and browbeat her relations, is perhaps the most lifelike character, though Howard Finlayson, bank-clerk, comes not far behind. The fibbing (*sic!*)—although this is against all the canons of morality, and deals a blow to the kindly theory promulgated above—is in the end successful; and poor old Lord Arretton is allowed to die in ignorance of his daughter's marriage; or was he not, rather, worried into his grave through being kept in the dark?

Sir George Young has followed his translation of Sophocles with an English version of poems by Victor Hugo, to which the events of the moment lend a certain opportuneness. A very large amount of scholarly care and fine appreciation of the original has gone to the making of the volume, and the only pity is that the translator has shown too little discrimination in giving his *imprimatur* to his own essays. For the work is disappointingly unequal. Verse translation, which Sir George very rightly defends against its detractors, is an admirable exercise in culture, but unless the translator has some spark of the poet in him, no knowledge of metrical laws, be they never so well observed, can save him from the lapse into that *sermo pedestris* against which Hugo inveighs in his sonnet on the style of Marchangy. But although in the longer narrative pieces Sir George tends to dullness, in lyric his touch is often lighter and happier, and his rendering of the Ghost Ballad possesses qualities which will compel more than one reading.

We can imagine a wide variety of verdict upon Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel, "Scarlet and Hyssop." Some will call it clever, others smart, others simply horrid. It will be justified because of its moral, and justified because it is amusing; it will probably be condemned as a travesty, and praised for its portraiture, of the class of society which it represents. And we can imagine also ourselves in partial agreement with these differing opinions. "Scarlet and Hyssop" is certainly clever: in dialogue, in the hitting-off of character, in situation, and even, despite the final catastrophe, in construction. It is as certainly smart in itself, and in the people it depicts; and so, in one way of looking at things, no other reason need be given for declaring it horrid. Again, it is amusing; and some readers may think that not the least amusing thing about it is its moral, or, at any rate, the way in which the moral attaches itself to the story. Jack Alston, Marie Alston, Mildred Brereton, Jim Spencer, Lady Ardingly, as well as the Maxwells, Silly Billy, and Andrew Brereton, may all be as true to life as the diabolically clever portrait of Henry Maxwell ("an admirable example of a very eminent painter of the day") which hung in his house in Piccadilly; and yet conjointly misrepresent the Piccadilly of which, in their varying degrees, they are shining lights. More illustrative of the times than anything in the novel itself is the fact that it should have been written—or so it appears to us; and the character of Mildred Brereton derives some of its singular hideousness from the manner in which the grosser elements of her conduct are kept out of sight. Calling a spade a spade generally conduces to good morals.

As a record of travel rather than of manners, Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower's "Old Diaries," if they will never rival the historic journals of Pepys or "Sylvia" Evelyn as pen-pictures of social life, form, as might indeed have been anticipated, a volume of considerable interest. Artist, sculptor, man of letters, and aristocratic Bohemian, Lord Ronald Gower could hardly have kept a dull diary; but he might easily, had he not judiciously practised the art of exclusion, have fallen into the grievous error of publishing those minute personal details which are the very salt of really old diaries, but which are intolerable in a record dating back only twenty years. The journal frequently savours too much of the guide-book, though not so systematically laudatory as a compilation of that class, and it is to be feared that the well-travelled man will find little that is new to him in this nomad's chronicle of his journeys, to which the preponderance of the notes is devoted. Nor will the professional pryer into other people's affairs, the seeker after social skeletons, be vastly entertained; for nothing is set down in malice. On the whole, however, it must be said that the diaries afforded eminently interesting reading. The author had the honour of the intimate friendship of the late Queen and of the late Empress Frederick, and of both he has numerous notes to engage

the attention. Writing of Queen Victoria in 1892, he says, "Her Majesty seemed to take interest in my 'Life of Joan of Arc.' 'I am afraid,' the Queen said, 'we treated her very badly.' 'Yes,' I answered; 'but not so badly as did the French,' at which her Majesty laughed." Lord Ronald Gower does not mince words, and occasionally his notes are quite engagingly frank. The Archduke Salvador, he remarks, for instance, was "dressed in a blue pilot-jacket and cap, and was all over dirt, and with hair unkempt and his somewhat uncouth features, looked like a member of a German band"; a picture by Millais he describes, after a visit to the artist's studio, as "a 'Portia' in Ellen Terry's red dress in that part, but not a portrait of that actress." Of the late Prince Bismarck he draws a pleasant and unexpected picture: "The Prince began smoking out of a long cherry-stick pipe filled with mild tobacco; he continued smoking as he sat talking in the gentle, quiet manner which reminded me of the very last person whom one would expect Bismarck to remind one—namely, Dicky Doyle, but he did remind me of Dicky Doyle, strange though it seems." Truly an unusual portrait of the man of "blood and iron." Charles Villiers afforded him the material for an interesting entry; he told "how Dizzy used to be snubbed in old days by the *aristos* whom he got to serve him in his later life," and "of the wonderful rise of the Rothschilds and of their founder, whom Charles Villiers knew well; of his having been pushed on in his career by an old Jew named Goldsmid," and "of the wonderful entertainment given by this Goldsmid to George III. and the royal family in 1783, and how after the fête the giver of the feast cut his own throat, for some reason that had never been explained, whether owing to failure or to indigestion nobody could tell."

With "The Old Dominion" and "By Order of the Company," earlier novels of Miss Mary Johnston, the present writer has only a negative acquaintance. He knows them to be enthralling romances; for on more than one occasion he has been deprived of good company avowedly engrossed by the perusal of them. Now that he has read "Audrey," though unable to institute comparisons with its forerunners, he has little difficulty in understanding their spell. For "Audrey" also is enthralling. Not specially remarkable in "plot," it is still a well-knit bundle of exciting incidents; it has an admirable heroine—indeed, two admirable heroines; and all the characters in it are treated by the author with a grave respect which necessarily is reflected in the attitude of the reader towards them. Above all, "Audrey" has an interesting and romantic setting—Virginia, when George I. was King. In conveying the spirit of the landscape and describing the varied and picturesque conditions of the life of the day,



"HER DARK EYES MADE APPEAL."

Reproduced from "Audrey," by permission of Messrs. Constable and Co.

Miss Johnston's pen is at its best. In the relations of Evelyn Byrd and Darden's Audrey, the two women involved in Marmaduke Howard's love-story; in the characters local to the setting, such as Darden and the schoolmaster; and in its descriptions of natural scenery, lies the strength of the story. If we find a fault, it is in its over-elaboration. Miss Johnston is not super-subtle in the drawing of character; on the contrary, her character points are mainly obvious, and she knows well how to adopt conventional types. She relies on incident, and the excess of elaboration in her story shows itself in the setting. The stage is too full, and the action scattered and at times a little fussy.

LONDON SMOKE: SOME MANIFESTATIONS AND EFFECTS.

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLIS.



LONDON VOLCANOES: ACTIVE AND QUIESCENT.

A great deal of attention has lately been drawn to the question of London fogs and London smoke, and Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, who conducted a number of experiments during the recent great fogs, says that in a week six tons of solid matter, consisting of soot and tarry hydrocarbons, were deposited on a square quarter of a mile. These, Sir William Thiselton-Dyer declared, were injurious to animal and vegetable life.

While the physical conditions of the atmosphere remain what they are, mists there must always be, especially in a great river valley such as that of the Thames, but it is very far from beyond the point of reason to hope that the day is not too distant when the fogs will be no longer laden with carboniferous matter, such as that which goes to the making of the fog familiarly known as the "London particular." As a nation, of course, we are believed to worship solidity, but when the quality invades the atmosphere, that worship may reasonably cease, and it is only because of another national characteristic—namely, stolidity—that we have borne with our destructive fogs so long. Sir C. A. Cookson, in a paper read before the Royal Institute of Public Health, held that so far from the evil being desperate, the remedy lies in the hands of London housewives. The lecturer held no official brief for the Coal-Smoke Abatement Society, which since 1898 has, under the enthusiastic and energetic guidance of Sir William Richmond, R.A., strenuously grappled with the problem, but Sir Charles declared that the

great improvement in fogs which had taken place during the November of 1900 might reasonably be set to the credit of that body. The society's inspector keeps a very jealous eye upon the chimneys of the Metropolis, and where he finds too great

this form of fuel. Gas or electricity he believes to be at present excluded both by their greater costliness and by the invincible preference of the Briton for his open grate. So accustomed are we to the chimney that it is only when photography brings

home to us the amount and range of carboniferous matter distributed in isolated instances that we can form some notion of what the sum total of Metropolitan smoke must be. By the kindness of Sir W. Thiselton-Dyer we are enabled to publish some striking examples of smoke clouds and smoke trails near the Thames.

At a recent meeting of the Coal-Smoke Abatement Society, Professor A. H. Church exhibited a specimen of a marvellous atmospheric deposit taken from the cornice below the dome of St. Paul's. It was believed that the mass in question, of which we give an illustration, had taken two hundred years to form. It contains, besides one grain of carbon per one hundred grains, about half a grain of tarry matters in the same weight of deposit. But the chief constituent is nothing more than gypsum or crystallised sulphate of lime, produced by the action of the sulphuric acid of the City atmosphere on the carbonate of lime of St. Paul's stone. This sulphate of lime is first dissolved



Photo. I.L.N.

SMOKE DEPOSIT FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, EXHIBITED AT A RECENT MEETING OF THE SMOKE ABATEMENT SOCIETY.

By kind permission of Professor A. H. Church.

energy on the part of these, he has been able, in not a few cases, to persuade them to moderate their output in the public interest.

Sir Charles Cookson, advocates the use of smokeless coal, and combats the existing objections to

by and then deposited from rain-water. During the formation of the coral-like mass, the tarry particles of soot are entangled within it. The thimble is given beside the mass merely in order to give an idea of the size.



THE FAR-REACHING SMOKE TRAIL OF A SINGLE CHIMNEY.



A VOLUMINOUS OUTPUT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A few weeks ago two friends and myself were discussing the probabilities of palmistry. I say "probabilities" because there is hardly another term applicable to conditions to which a certain amount of mystery or uncertainty is believed to be attached. A tolerably long experience of narrations of wondrous events has taught me to be cautious in receiving offhand the stories related of palmistry and other predictions. Yet experience convinces me that, say, eight persons out of every ten are content to take for granted in such cases statements which, relating to everyday affairs, they would be the first to verify, or at least examine very closely indeed.

Is there a something of the old superstition latent in us whereby we are inclined to act on the *omne ignotum pro magifico* principle? I am accustomed to hear people relate incidents of the kind to which I allude which, if true, upset all the experience alike of science and everyday life. Some will even go the length of expressing surprise that their statements should be doubted at all. They resent, tacitly or actually, any attempt at criticism; in some cases they cannot be got to see that when C relates a tale which came from A originally, and was filtered through B, there is every likelihood of the narrative having suffered considerably as regards its quality from the process known as accretion.

Anxious to test the ability of the palmists to play up to the reputation of the science they profess, I paid a visit to a lady professor of the art in company with my two friends. I was permitted to remain in the room during the séance, and one of my friends heard the delineation of my character and prospects as evinced by the lines on my palms. In my case, I may say at once the palmist's efforts were attended by no success whatever. There were the usual references to illnesses in childhood, to deaths in the family, and to sundry social circumstances common to everybody. Where the lady made a statement nigh to the reality, it was of the nature of a chance shot that hit the mark. When she descended to more personal details she floundered hopelessly. She was miles off my profession in her calculations, and without in the least doing the lady an injustice, I aver that I left her room as wise as when I entered it *quâ* the claims of palmistry to throw light on my past history, or to gauge even the facts of my history to-day.

With one of my friends she was equally at sea. He is a married man without olive branches. He was told he had five, and that one of them at least was "delicate in the chest." His wife was said to be a lady who devoted her time to works of charity. The lady is a professional vocalist, whose mission in life is assuredly not that of acting, beyond the instincts of a kindly woman, as a sister of mercy. My friend's vocation was not indicated correctly, and, indeed, in his case success was as conspicuous by its absence as in my own. My third friend, of whose delineation I only heard part, had certain traits of his character described correctly, but it requires no palmist to read a man's disposition with a fair amount of accuracy. Any acute observer of human nature can attain a fair success in this line of business if he chooses to try.

The palmist in question was a lady of whose achievements I had heard good reports. In our cases, I can only record utter failures. My study of her methods revealed sundry features of interest to the unbiassed student of modern necromancy, if so I may term the palmist's art. She complained that I gave her no encouragement in her work. This is the keynote to the lady's practice. My reply was that I was there simply to listen to the story of my life as revealed by her art. What she does is clear enough. She is an adept at putting leading questions to her clients in a way that disarms their suspicions of her making them tell their own story. If she gets her client to admit she is right in one deduction—a chance shot, of course—that one success is followed up skilfully enough. When the client sits dumb, the palmist's difficulties begin. She has no data whereon to found her discoveries. The usual talk about lines of life, health, fate, and all the rest, is merely the meretricious garnishing of the modern priestess of the temple of mystery—at least, that is the conclusion I have come to once again. All the rest is skilful guess-work, aided by what is extracted unconsciously from the client, and, I must add, from lady clients especially.

Of course I will be told of cases in which events of the past have been alleged to be truly told by a supposed survey of the hand. A lady informed me recently that a London palmist of the female sex wrote down letter by letter the name of a man with whom she was acquainted, and of whose existence, the lady declared, the palmist could have known nothing. That anybody should credit the possession of such a power on the part of a palmist is, of course, absurd. The procedure is an obvious trick. If it is not explicable on the ground that the palmist knew the lady and her friend, it may be explained perhaps by muscle-twitching on the principle of the thought-reader's success. The palmist is examining the hand; as each letter is arrived at, the client unconsciously indicates it by a muscle-tremor. I have seen a conjuring feat performed—admittedly a trick, of course—of similar character to the palmist's.

What puzzles me is that with such an amazing theoretical knowledge of past, present, and future, the palmist cannot come to the front and make a fortune easily and readily through a knowledge of affairs that is hidden from mere mortals. An American magazine-writer once remarked that a huge salary awaited the palmist who could afford insurance companies accurate indications of the duration of life of their clients. I am afraid, however, that sentimental and easily gulled persons are not found on the directorate of insurance corporations. The people, said the old Latin writer, love to be deceived, and the modern palmist amply gratifies the wish.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

E B T HUSSEY (Peterborough).—The solution you send of No. 3018 is unfortunately a cook; and, therefore, while your criticism is correct, it is not applicable to the author's intention. We are greatly obliged by your letter, and we are pleased to know the column maintains its interest for so long a period as sixty years. You must be nearly our oldest solver.

HENRY LYE (Vancouver, B.C.).—We are much obliged for your ingenious little book, of which we have never seen the like before.

MISS B (Sevenoaks).—If Black play 1. B to B 6th, then surely the Black King cannot move to that square next move. We regret we cannot reply by post.

FIDELITAS.—The amended position shall be examined. Probably the error was ours in transcription; but the cook was undoubted.

W M E (Birmingham).—If you will take the trouble to look at the solution you will find you have made a mistake over No. 3016.

C W (Sunbury).—Thanks for further contribution.

R F (Parkstone, Dorset).—The problem shall be examined.

W T PIERCE (Guildford).—Unfortunately, your problem is marred by a dual continuation: If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Kt takes Kt (ch), K moves; 3. Q to Q 4th, mate.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3005 and 3006 received from A C M (Valparaiso); of No. 3012 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3013 from M Shaida Ali Khan, J. Safer (Cape Town), and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3014 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3016 from F B (Worthing), J. Bryden (Wimbledon), and J. Bailey (Newark); of No. 3017 from C H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), C D Brown (Whitehaven), J. Bailey, and J. Bryden; of No. 3018 from J W (Campsie), Albert Wolff (Putney), C Chambers (Barritz), Alpha, John Kelly (Glasgow), Charles Slade, J. Bryden (Wimbledon), H Le Jeune, C D Brown (Whitehaven), J. Stanley James (Foots Cray), Edith Corser (Reigate), F J Candy (Lunbridge Wells), H S Brandreth (San Remo), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Robert Walker (Clovell), Clement C Danby, C Hibbitt, and Rev. G B Smeon (Bideford).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3019 received from W D Easton (Sunderland), Thomas H Hill (Leicester), J D Tucker (Ilkley), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), F W Moore (Brighton), Frank Emmett, H Le Jeune, J F Moon, Cutcliffe Jones (Surrey), Edith Corser (Reigate), Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen), Charles Burnett, Sorrento, Reginald Gordon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Worters (Canterbury), Thomas M Eglinton (Handsworth), F Dalby, C E Perugini, W J Hutton, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F J S (Hampstead), and W A Lillico (Edinburgh).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3018.—By H. A. SALWAY.

WHITE.

1. B to K 7th
2. Q to K 5th (ch)
3. Kt mates.

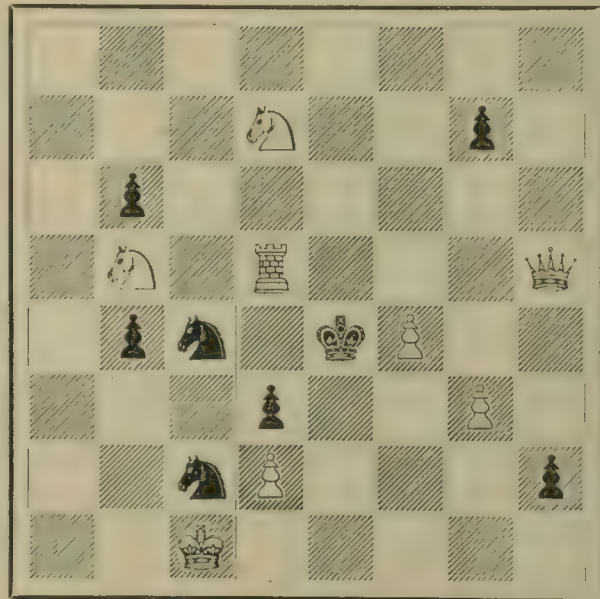
BLACK.

- K takes B
- K moves

There is another solution of this problem by 1. Q to Kt 7th, P to Q 3rd; 2. Kt to Kt 4th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3021.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tourney of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. W. WARD and A. CURNOCK.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	27. P to K 4th	P to B 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	It is by no means clear why Black gives up another Pawn, leading also to the exchange of Queens.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	28. Q takes K B P	Q takes Q
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	29. P takes Q	R to Q 5th
5. P takes P	P takes P	30. R takes R	R takes R
6. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	31. R to Kt sq	R to Q B 5th
7. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	32. Kt to Q sq	B to K 5th
8. B takes Kt	B takes B	33. Kt to K 3rd	R to Q 5th
9. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	34. R to Kt 2nd	B takes B P
10. Q R to B sq	P takes P	35. P to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd
11. Kt takes P	B takes Kt	36. K to B 2nd	K to B 2nd
12. B to Kt 5th (ch)	Kt to B 3rd	37. Kt to B sq	B to Kt 4th
13. Q takes B	Castles	38. Kt to Kt 3rd	K to K 3rd
14. Q takes P		39. Kt to K 4th	K to Q 4th

The gain of the Pawn is in reality not much at this stage, and White's game needs care in order to maintain the advantage, such as it is.

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
14. Q to Q 7th	Q to B 3rd
15. Castles	Kt to R 4th
16. Q to R 3rd	K R to Q sq
17. B to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd
18. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
19. B takes Kt	Kt to B 5th
20. Kt to R 4th	P takes B
21. Kt takes P	R to Q 7th
22. Q to Kt 3rd	Q R to Q sq
23. Kt to B 3rd	R takes R P
24. Kt to B 3rd	R (R 7) to Q 7th
25. Q to B 7th	R (Q 7) to Q 2nd
26. Q to R 5th	Q to K Kt 3rd

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Messrs. D. JANOWSKY and J. VON POPPEL.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	13. B P takes P	P to K 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	After this Black has no prospect of attack. His Queen's Bishop is entirely out of the game.	
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
4. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	15. B to R 6th	R to B 2nd
5. Kt to K 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	16. Q to B 3rd	Kt to R 3rd
6. Castles	B to Q 3rd	17. R to B 2nd	Kt to B 2nd
No doubt with a view to a strong attack, by at once playing B takes P (ch), followed by Kt to Kt 5th.		18. Q R to K B sq	Q Kt to K sq
7. P to B 3rd	Castles	19. Q to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 2nd
8. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th would be answered effectively by R takes K.	
9. P to Q 5th	Q to K sq	20. Q to Kt 5th	Q R to K B sq
10. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	21. B takes Kt	R takes B
11. Kt takes B		If K takes B, 22. R takes Kt, R takes R; 23. Kt to R 5th (ch), wins also. The game is a fair specimen of the somewhat erratic play at Monte Carlo.	
12. P to K 4th	Q takes Kt		
	P takes K P		

ONLY A NATIONAL TREASURE.

'Tis a sorry age, my masters, a sorry and a pitiful. We witness with equanimity—nay, with positive interest, if not even with enthusiasm—the irruption of a Santos Dumont into the sacred chambers of the ample blue; we subsist frugally on dividends drawn from the gnomed mine (be it Deep Rands or Westralian Reefs); we plumb the Arcadian truths of Milk and Honey, and for them have set up standards approved by a Home Office. We are Goths, we are Vandals, there is nothing sacred. Macaulay's New Zealander, when he leans contemplative on London Bridge, shall not be alone; to him shall certainly enter a Phrenologist, who shall divulge the reason why the rest of the human race has vanished. "Sir," shall say the Phrenologist, "what else could you expect of a clan of barbarians, from whose crania the bump of reverence was smoothed away—nay, ruthlessly enucleated?" And Macaulay's New Zealander, having been a student of the Things that Really Matter at the Seddon Memorial Technical School of Tatawaparawa, shall understand—and sigh.

This is no fanciful vision: it is sober truth, and it has been driven home to our mind by an afternoon spent in reverence before the candid beauty which was, is, and ever shall be (let us pray) the divinest marble in the world, the Venus of Milo—the beauty which belongs to a nation that does not recognise in "her" its chiefest claim to the earth's grateful recognition. France desires still to be the first in war, in diplomacy, in commerce, science, literature, art. Skies of blue! Is it not enough that she should bask in the glory of this snowy goddess? *L'Etat, c'est moi: la Venus, c'est la France.* Only the French people will babble of politics and Affaires, and even "le rugby" (which might be left to us chilly islanders), and refuse to remember that, at the end of yon long corridor in the Louvre, they have what is enough to glorify half-a-dozen solar systems, let alone a single nation. All this is but one exemplification of the thesis that the Age lacks reverence, and that the Phrenologist shall be right to call us clans of barbarians. The facts following are surely proofs.

The other afternoon a couple of hours were stolen and given to the Venus de Milo. We were alone with her at first, and the incense of our whole-souled admiration, half wonder, half awe, must have pleased the spirit in the stone. Why did Keats untimely die? None but he could have poured out a sufficiency of soul before this magic shrine. For a quarter of an hour our homage of silence was unbroken. But then, alas! down the long corridor came brassily an Accent from Tacoma, Washin'ton, U.S.A., and even the god herself was compelled to hearken. The Accent trailed a guide, who from time to time overflowed with misinformation supreme in its artless inconsequence.

ACCENT: "That's a fairish bit of sculpin', naow. What d'ye say this was?"

GUIDE (who seems French, but who, by long association with various Accents, has acquired a luring cosmopolitanism of perverted pronunciations): "Zis, Madame, ces the great Vaynus of Millow!"

ACCENT fumbles with her satchel, that most peculiar of Transatlantic amulets; unearths a set of tablets, and with a stub of a pencil, delicately prepared for work by insertion between thin lips, makes a brief memorandum. Turning to John, she explains—

ACCENT: "The most famous statue in the world! An' my memory that bad, too. But I've noted it down, and I opine that when Susan Jane Wrexford hears we've seen the Venus of Millow, she'll just squir-r-r-m! High-school teachers don't know everything! Now, Mr. Man, cut along!"

And Mr. Man insinuates them gently into the Salle de Melpomene!

Is not the juvenile French artist a thing of abiding joy? His trousers are pegtop and velveteen; his boots are as pointed as they are unpolished; his hair is long; his hat is sugar-loaf; his fingers are black with graphite or charcoal; and his soul wanders in the groves where Alastor lost himself. In the Salle de Tibre he is busy copying the "Diane de Versailles" (he has been copying it for seven years only). Ah! he is troubled! This proportion does not seem to be just the thing; he will go and compare with the Venus (*the Venus*, you will note; there is no other); he holds his pencil at arm's length; he measures off an inch with his thumb; he dashes along the gallery; and from the distance of six feet away he faces Immortality (Aphrodite! be merciful!). Up goes the pencil. For five minutes he stands thus, measuring, measuring, measuring. Is he satisfied at last? A swift movement of the left hand, and the sugar-loaf hat is flung to the back of the head with a gesture of despair; he flies back to his copy of the Diana; again he measures; he alters a line—one line, scarce half an inch long. Then he looks at the Huntress and sniffs. After seven years' study is he to give her up? Alas! and alas! Yet, better learn late than learn never! He packs up his easel, he turns to go, he is gone—but no, he retraces his steps, slowly at first and half-heartedly, and then with more assurance, until he crosses the threshold of this vaulted chamber, hung with curtains of red velvet; he comes at last to pay homage to the One, the Only, to Beauty Immortal. This juvenile may learn something, some day. He may not learn to draw lines, or to copy statuary, and he may never win the Prix de Rome; but surely he shall know something of what makes this marble a living thing.

On the heels of Accent, Tacoma, Washin'ton, U.S.A., and of our Artist, come a couple, Teutonic, myopic, hearsed lovingly in Baedeker. For five minutes they rest by the railing and pursue Literature. Then he looks into her eyes, and she looks into his, and each of them sees what each wants to see—and it is not the Venus of Milo. But the Venus of Milo understands. They pass on, Heaven about them as they bury noses again in Baedeker.

But the ribboned representative of the Republic who sits stolid at Aphrodite's feet the livelong day announces that we must go; the hour is four, and his fellows wait him in a neighbouring café with talk of horse-races and lottery-tickets. We pass, leaving Aphrodite to drink the supreme homage of silence and the night.



THE NORWEGIAN WINTER MILITARY MANŒUVRES: THE "SKI" DETACHMENT RETURNING TO QUARTERS AFTER A SHAM FIGHT.

In the experiments with "ski" runners, the troops so equipped were sometimes taken literally "in tows" by the Norwegian cavalry.

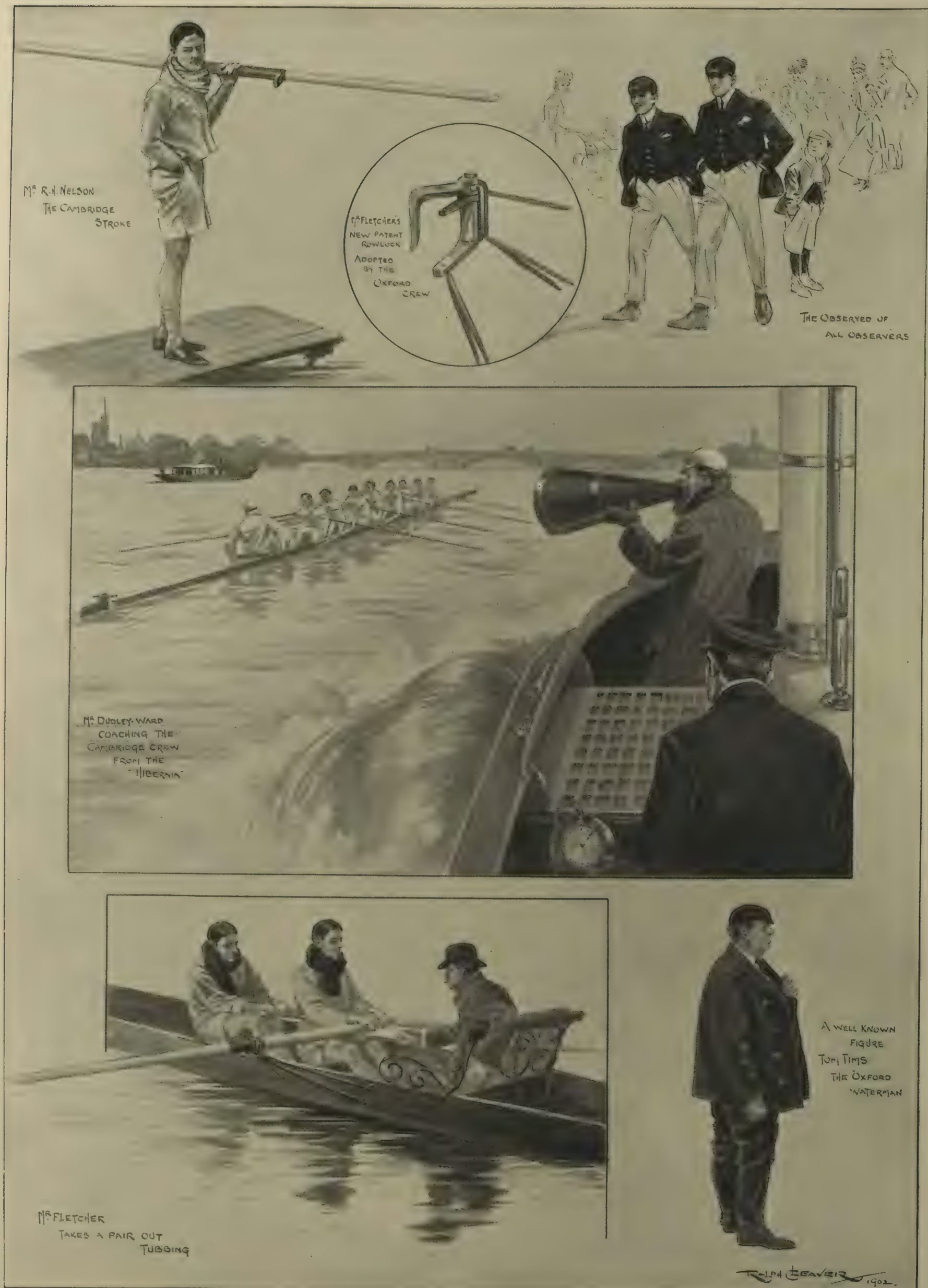


H.M.S. "KING EDWARD VII.," BEGUN BY THE KING ON MARCH 8, AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.

THE FORTHCOMING UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: PRACTICE ON THE TIDAL WATERS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SKETCHES AT PUTNEY.



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LADIES' PAGE.

Hunting has not been this past winter what it was before the war. The calamity of war makes itself felt in the most unforeseen ways, and this, though not very recondite, is one that perhaps was not foreseen till it forced itself on notice. Many women have been quite deprived of an amusement that they usually follow each winter with great zest—this season partly by their own good feeling, and partly by the diminution of hunt meetings because of the absence of so many of the leading supporters of the sport at the front. Lady Masters of Foxhounds do not seem quite in place, and, even if there were not the feeling that the mourning of neighbour families or the loss of old friends of the covert-side made the amusement a doubtful one, it is hardly likely that many women would care to volunteer to take up the active leadership of this sport. There was, however, one Lady Salisbury who was herself a Master of Foxhounds, hunting the Hertford pack; and many ladies have taken a deep personal interest in the packs that their husbands or fathers kept. Of lady Masters of Harriers there are now several, including the Duchess of Newcastle at Clumber, Lady Gifford in Sussex, Mrs. Cheape, and Mrs. Lawson in Cumberland. Cub-hunting, too, has sometimes been managed by ladies. But on the whole, the loss of men from this sport has done as much to check it as enforced absences from the ball-room have availed to stop the county balls for the time being.

There is much that is interesting in the winter's work of the London County Council in regard to technical education. It is carried on in some four thousand classes, of which many are open to girls and women, and some are exclusively for their benefit. Needless to add, most of the latter are for training in domestic knowledge, that branch of education which is more or less necessary to every woman, no matter what is her rank in life or her primary occupation. Besides the nineteen cookery classes, all of which are attended exclusively by women—save one, at which sailormen cooks are trained—the subjects taught include dressmaking, upholstery, plain needlework, and commercial subjects. In order, apparently, to obviate the objection from trades that the classes would overcrowd their ranks by artificial means, the training in many subjects is definitely confined to persons already engaged in the trade, and consequently the engineering, building construction, and certain other classes are not available for women. But on the whole, the girls are considered, and it is interesting to know that times have so progressed that nowadays it would be hardly possible for any great new educational enterprise at the public expense to leave the gentler sex quite out of consideration. Besides these evening classes, there are no fewer than thirteen centres at which education in domestic matters is given in the day-time to girls who have lately left school, and this can hardly fail to lighten the mass of ignorance on domestic subjects among our working classes. But it is doubtful if that will increase our supply of domestic workers. Unfortunately, the more girls know of housework, the less inclined they seem to do it, and they will tramp out in all weathers to less well-paid work rather than undertake this, their old traditional duty. Art-classes are also conducted by the L.C.C., enamelling, bookbinding, art-metal work, designing, stained-glass making, and other technical decorative arts being taught at the Central School in Regent Street. Middle-class parents should not fail to acquaint themselves with the opportunities thus opened to their girls as well as their boys.

Lace is one of the daintiest of the products of human skill, and it is interesting to learn that the same desire that Queen Alexandra has expressed that the Coronation dresses should be of English manufacture was made known by George III. about the lace to be used at the wedding of his sister, Princess Augusta, in 1764. The ladies of his day by no means approved of the edict, so the King had the shop of the then leading modiste of town, a Frenchwoman, raided a few days before the ceremony, and all the foreign laces, as well as gold and silver stuffs found there, carried off, to ensure obedience to his orders. Royalty is not quite so autocratic now, fortunately. Brussels, Venice, and several places in France have gained a reputation with which

English seats of the lace industry have tried in vain to compete; and no laws or heavy customs duties have ever availed to prevent ladies from purchasing the foreign commodity. But the Sovereigns of the land, according to Mrs. Bury Palliser's classic work on lace, were among the most extravagant purchasers of this costly product. William III., that asthmatic little fighting-man, actually paid for lace in one year no less a sum than £2459; let us hope that he mostly gave it away. Queen Anne in one year, too, spent £1428 on foreign lace; in her day, the tall caps or helmets worn, that were vaguely called then "a head," were entirely of fluted lace, and in such a conspicuous position, of course, the lace had to be of the finest variety. The same excuse must be made for the people who brought themselves to comparative poverty, as we are told some were known to have done, by extravagance in buying lace in the days of huge ruffs. Those adornments were another method of displaying costly lace to such advantage that it is no wonder that "men would sell their fields to buy themselves a collar." Lace was used, however, on everything. One of the great collectors of it at the present time has his doors panelled with it, his lamp-shades covered with it, and his table-centres made of it—all in the most rare and costly varieties. But in Georgian times, we read that men would have even their shaving-cloths edged with real lace; and in Stuart days they actually decorated

the cuff may be placed at the elbow or at the wrist, according to the use of the coat; if it be an outdoor one, it will finish at the wrist, but for a theatre or dinner jacket it will probably end at the elbow.

A smart costume in biege-coloured vicuna is trimmed with strapped bands of itself on the skirt to a height of some twelve inches from the feet in front, rising considerably higher at the back. The bodice is coat-shaped, and made in velvet of about the same shade, having a rather long tail behind—nearly, in fact, reaching to the strappings; it is cut sharply away from the bust to the rounded point behind, and the vest thus revealed is formed of pleatings of coffee-tinted lace. At the top of the coat there are little revers faced with blue panne. A black face-cloth skirt is half concealed by straps of black cloth and strips of black silk braid laid down it from waist to hem, close together at the top, and widening to the *erement* with a very graceful effect. To this there is also a little habit-tailed bodice, with a belt of black satin sloped well down from back to front and fixed under a deep buckle, above which the edges of the front of the bodice fall out loose, rather in bolero fashion. Another smooth-faced cloth in a delicate tone of blue has the skirt trimmed by means of four bands of wide lace encircling it at equal distances apart. Between the bands down either side are placed crescent-shaped

lace appliques, silk in a tender shade of yellow showing beneath the lace wherever it is found. This bodice is something in the form of a bolero, and is not cut away at all in front, being open about three inches all down, and laced across the tucked yellow vest with black velvet ribbon. It ends above a high-swathed waistbelt of yellow silk, which finishes at the back with a smart bow and two long ends, one twice the length of the other falling down the skirt. One more completes my present new model list. It is a reseda cloth, cut on the cross in such a manner that the little tucks that appear at intervals all down it stand out well from the surface; there is a silk blouse-bodice composed of alternate stripes of reseda cloth and white silk ribbon spotted with red. Over this a coat-bodice of tucked reseda cloth appears, cut quite away from the front, but held to the waist by a white-and-red spotted ribbon belt that passes round the waist between the basque and the upper portion of the garment, and ties in a smart bow in front, so that little pointed ends project both up and downwards—of course, it is a made bow, and hooks invisibly.

One trifling detail I may add. Tassels of silk or of gold or silver bullion, annexed to cords, are used to appear to tie the collar, or the sides of the cloth cuffs over the under ones, or in any situation where you can reasonably put them, and are considered very *chic*. One of the great Paris dress-makers has embarked on an enterprise in which he may succeed, but I trust not, for I think it stiff and ugly. He is ceasing to use flowing flounces, and is folding and pleating them so as to make a gauging or a kilting stitched along top and bottom. Such trimmings one finds occasionally on an ancient frock of one's mother's, and though in soft materials, such as satin cloth, it is supportable, it is not really pretty, while in silk it is hard and inartistic to a degree.

A couple of elegant tea-gowns are depicted in our Illustrations this week. The first is a simple design in white crêpe-de-Chine gracefully draped, the front and sleeves being ornamented by Japanese embroidery. The vest, undersleeves, and cuffs are of thick lace. The second is an artistic tea-gown or dinner-dress of black kilted chiffon. The girdle and the border to the yoke are richly embroidered in gold and jewels. The edges of the kilted chiffon are also decorated by gold embroidery. The undersleeves and yoke are of white lace.

It is impossible to find a more satisfactory material for outdoor and some indoor wear than the Irish homespuns and tweeds of Messrs. Hamilton and Co., the White House, Portrush, Ireland. Perfect in colour and finish, it seems impossible to wear out costumes made of these materials, and until the end they look smart and good. A box of assorted patterns of homespuns and tweeds will be sent free on request from the White House. The beautiful materials, which are entirely handspun and woven by the Irish peasants, need only to be seen to be appreciated. Ladies should therefore send for the patterns whenever tailor-made gowns are under consideration.

FILomena.



AN ELEGANT CRÊPE-DE-CHINE TEA-GOWN.

ARTISTIC GOWN OF BLACK KILTED CHIFFON.

the tops of their high boots with lace frills. We cannot beat the past in extravagance, after all, and in the periods when the other sex has chosen to indulge in lavish expenditure on dress, it has put our own into the shade!

Sleeves of gowns have this winter been allowed to remain large and voluminous, more so, perhaps, than last spring, over the lower portion of the arm. This is not an artistic fashion, since it conceals—or rather travesties—the natural shape of the arm. There is accordingly a distinct tendency in the new French models to remove the fullness to the elbow, where it is in place, as there is a natural bend, far more than at the wrist, and is therefore becoming. The type is to have a certain degree of fullness beneath the shoulder, kept at the top quite flat, and descending to below the elbow, widening as it goes, till, having reached that point, it either folds into a tight-fitting long cuff or falls loosely as an elbow-frill above such a cuff. Elbow-sleeves, that is to say, ending pagoda shape at the elbow and finished there with frills, are general on dinner-gowns, but the latest idea for these dressy frocks is to construct the entire sleeve to the elbow of a series of frills; lace is of course most suitable for these. For blouse-sleeves a modified bishop-sleeve is being most made; the fullness is cut away from the front, and set into the deep, tight-fitting cuff-band at the back in this shape, so that there is more puffing by far at the back than at the front of the wrist. For Louis coats there has to be a deep, stiff turned-back cuff, with a little frill of lace or a puffing of embroidered muslin or chiffon appearing underneath;

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(NEW YORK.)

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Peterborough, who will be very busy in the summer holiday months with preparations for the Church Congress, intends to take his longest rest this year at Eastertide, when he will be abroad for three weeks.

Bishop Taylor Smith, the Chaplain-General of the Forces, has a voice almost as powerful as that of the Bishop of Stepney. At St. Paul's Cathedral, last week, his

Hughes, Mayor, and the Rev. J. W. McEwan, Congregational minister.

The *Record* in a leading article entitled "The Cost of Disunion" comments on Dr. Parker's scheme for a United Congregational Church. While admitting that it may take some years for doubt and distrust to wear themselves out, the *Record* thinks it is scarcely possible that Dr. Parker's plans should in the end come to nothing. The spirit of the age is against individual effort and in

of the Church of England. Dr. Ingram said he could imagine a state of things under which they would pay far too heavy a price for establishment, but that time had not come yet. He does not think that disestablishment would promote harmony between the Church of England and the Nonconformists. This harmony, he believes, is quietly growing under present conditions.

From the letters which appear occasionally in parish magazines, it is evident that a good deal of selfishness



Photo. Russell.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND: THE KING'S ARRIVAL AT THE GROUNDS OF THE BRITANNIA ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, MARCH 7.

On entering the grounds of the new college his Majesty was received by a guard of honour from H.M.S. "Britannia," and the bands played the National Anthem.

sonorous eloquence reached even the loungers at the back of the nave, many of whom occupy themselves during the luncheon hour with novel-reading. While the Bishop was preaching last Tuesday I noticed several young people deeply engrossed with story-books. Bishop Taylor Smith's vigorous oratory and winning, gracious manner ought to win him golden opinions in his new position.

The Bishop of Worcester received a warm welcome from the clergy and ministers of Dudley on his recent visit. He attended a reception in the Vicarage garden, and the goodwill of the inhabitants was expressed by the Rev. A. Gray Maitland, Vicar of Dudley, Mr. John

favour of combination. In religious, as in commercial affairs, the tendency in the future will be for the larger organisations to grow at the expense of the smaller.

The Bishop of Exeter has presented the Rev. Henry Bickersteth to the living of Rockbeare, in East Devon. Mr. Bickersteth is a son of the late Bishop of Exeter, and acted as his father's domestic chaplain while he held the see. He is much beloved in the diocese.

A striking speech on Church defence was made at Kensington Town Hall last week by Dr. Winnington-Ingram. He remarked that there is a small body of earnest men who are anxious for the disestablishment

still prevails amongst pew-holders in some of our fashionable churches. In the magazine of a West-End Church, a member of the congregation tells how, on a recent Sunday, he gave up his own pew to guests and was put by the church officer on duty into another seat. Two fashionably dressed women came in during the first hymn, and one of them stooped and took a footstool that was near, saying in a clear and rude tone: "This is mine; how dare you take my footstool!" After the service the intruder said quietly: "I am a seat-holder here, but gave up my place to a visitor, and Mr. — put me into this pew." The only reply was a rudely spoken "Oh!" V.

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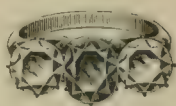
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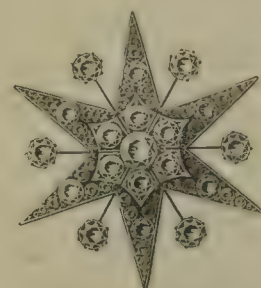
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MUSIC.

The last of the Ballad Concerts was given on Wednesday, March 5, and was very well attended. In a long programme the song that stood out pre-eminently was the quaint song of Liza Lehmann, "The Guardian Angel," beautifully and faultlessly sung by Miss Marie Tempest. Her voice seems purer and sweeter than before, probably resulting from Miss Tempest's rest from the light opera stage. She sang also "Aubade à la Fiancée" of Mr. Frank Lambert. Herr W. Backhaus played with his facile grace and brilliant execution a solo for the piano—a "Rondo" of Weber. He possesses a distinctive charm that makes everything he plays interesting. He also played a "Minuet" in E major of Raff, and Liszt's paraphrase of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Frank Lambert held the honours of the concert. Four times his name appeared, though one new song of his, "A Farewell," was withheld owing to the sudden illness of Miss Maggie May. Mr. Laurence Rea sang excellently his "Fountains mingle with the rivers"; and Miss Marie Tempest, "Speak but one word." Mr. Maurice Farkoa sang a new song of Mr. Frederic Norton, "The Camel and the Butterfly," but it was not a great success.

M. Emil Sauer gave his only recitals in London this season on the evening of Monday, March 3, and the afternoon of March 5. His technique is admirable, but his eccentricities are growing more marked. His sudden pauses arrest and strain the attention, and much of the sustained interest is lost by their undue prolongation. His programme on Monday was not very interesting—at least, the first half was not. He began with a sonata in A major of Mozart, and variations and fugue by Brahms on a theme of Handel. In Chopin he displayed more inspiration, choosing his

Bolero, a Nocturne, Op. 27, and a Valse, Op. 42. The brilliant Barcarolle of Rubinstein and the "Flammes de Mer" of Sauer finished the programme.

On the afternoon recital, M. Sauer was far more interesting, though the beginning of his concert was a little tiresome for the mere dilettante part of the audience, consisting of one of the dullest of Beethoven's sonatas—Op. 109—and a prelude and fugue in D major of Bach-d'Albert. The third item, however, was an admirable

given—"Don Juan." The subject-matter is drawn from Nicholas Lenau's poem, in which Don Juan, seeking to find a monstrosity of perfection—in other words, "the ideal woman who shall unite in herself all the virtues of the sex"—commits suicide in despair of ever achieving his object. This fantasia is what is technically known as programme music, and is a highly imaginative and richly embroidered composition, melodious and captivating.

M. I. H.



Photo. Rigden.

THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT DARTMOUTH ON BOARD THE "DOLPHIN," MARCH 7.

The King and Queen were standing just behind the engine-room. His Majesty had been watching the sailors on the German training-ship "Moltke" manning the yards and cheering, and as the vessel neared the Dartmouth shore, the royal party turned to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd on the embankment. Captain Beattie, R.N., of H.M.S. "Racer," was on the bridge, but the vessel was navigated by Captain Thorn, the skipper, who has steered the vessel across several times daily since the railway was opened over forty years ago. The "Moltke" is flying the white ensign of England at the main. The "Dolphin" is flying the Royal Standard at the masthead. She is pointed at the stern as at the bow.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1897), with five codicils (two dated Dec. 17, 1898, and the others Aug. 31 and Sept. 7, 1899, and Jan. 11, 1901), of Sir James Timmins Chance, Bart., J.P., D.L., of 51, Prince's Gate, and 1, Grand Avenue, Hove, head of the firm of Messrs. Chance Brothers, Birmingham, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on Feb. 26 by Sir William Chance, George Ferguson Chance, and James Frederick Chance, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £252,629. The testator bequeaths £1000 to, and £20,000 upon trust for, each of his daughters, Margaret Anne and Marion Georgiana, and, until they both shall marry, the income of £30,000, and the use and enjoyment of his residence at Hove, and subject thereto the said sum of £30,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his son George Ferguson. He also bequeaths £20,000 each to his sons George Ferguson and James Frederick; an annuity of £800 to his daughter Frances Elizabeth; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Eleanor Phoebe Bedford; and legacies to servants; and he makes no further provision for his daughter Mrs. Edith Mary Dobbs, she being already provided for. Certain plate, pictures, addresses, etc., are to devolve as heirlooms with the real estate. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son William.

The will (dated May 2, 1901), with a codicil (dated July 3 following), of Mr. Charles Dorman, of 19, Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington, and Towngate, Wadhurst, formerly of 23, Essex Street, Strand, solicitor, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Feb. 26 by Miss Julia Frances Dorman, the daughter, and Charles Herbert Dorman, the son, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £164,450. The testator gives part of his furniture and household effects to his three daughters; £100 to Frederick Arthur Glover; and £200, upon trust, for his godson, Arthur Charles Glover. The residue of his property he leaves to his six children, Julia Frances, Emily Mary, Maud Isabel, Charles Herbert, Arthur William, and Francis Thomas, certain sums already advanced to them to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1901) of Mr. Richard Jones Hilton, J.P., of Preston-next-Faversham, who died on

Dec. 31, was proved on March 4 by Mrs. Florence Mary Ramsay, the daughter, and Captain John Ramsay, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £97,460. The testator bequeaths £4000 to Captain Ramsay; £4400 between John Henry Cornelius Maw and Rose Maw; £500 each to his nephews, Clarence S. Bayard Hilton and Murray Venables Hilton; £100 each to Walter Kingsford, Mrs. Douglas (wife of Admiral Douglas), and the Rev. Alfred Giles Hilton; £400 to Frederick Pryer; £250 to Frank Croser; £200 to Joseph Alexander Darnley; £500 to his servant, Sarah Tatnell; £200 to his nephew Charles Edward Hilton; and other legacies. The residue of his estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1895) of the Right Hon. William Wither Bramston Beach, M.P., of Oakley Manor, near Basingstoke, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Feb. 28 by Major Archibald William Hicks Beach, the son, and Sir Michael Edward Hicks Beach, the cousin, the executors, the value of the estate being £62,135. The testator gives £1000 and the use of one of his residences to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Chichester Beach, and he charges his unsettled Hampshire property with the payment of £200 per annum to her, in addition to what she will receive from her marriage settlement; £100 to Sir Michael Hicks Beach; £3500 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Alice Margaret Nicholson; and a portrait presented to him by the Freemasons of Hampshire to his son Ellice Michael Hicks Beach, and he makes no further provision for him, as by certain settlements he will become entitled to a younger son's share of £10,000, and he is also otherwise provided for. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Major Hicks Beach.

The will (dated Sept. 10, 1901) of Major Geoffrey George Gordon, third Earl of Munster, D.S.O., 3rd Battalion Royal Scots, of 23, Palmeira Square, Brighton, who died in South Africa on Feb. 2, was proved on Feb. 28 by Aubrey, fourth Earl of Munster, the brother; one of the executors, the value of the estate being £60,348. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to go in strict settlement with the title of Earl of Munster.

The will (dated July 24, 1900), with two codicils (dated April 16 and Aug. 21, 1901), of Mr. George Smyttan Duff, of 58, Queen's Gate, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 27 by George Alexander Duff and Captain Frederick William Duff, the sons, and Percy Cunningham Oswald, three of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £55,822. The testator gives 1000 £10 fully paid-up shares in the Duff Estates Company, and one fifth of all other stocks, shares, and debentures standing in his name to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son Frederick William; £250 each to his executors; and £100 each to Catherine Mackenzie and Henry Bryant. The residue of his property he leaves between his children George Alexander, Charles Edward, Emily Stratford Rolph, and Alice Mary Oswald.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated April 2, 1901) of Mr. George McLellan Blair, Chairman of Messrs. L. and W. McLellan, London and Glasgow, who died at Clifton Hall, Midlothian, on Jan. 4, granted to Walter McLellan Blair, James Scott McLellan Blair, George McLellan Blair, and James McLellan Blair, the sons, and Robert Greig Scott, the executors nominate, was revealed in London on Feb. 26, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £56,666 10s.

The will (dated July 26, 1873) of Miss Charlotte Harriet Forbes, of 58, Eaton Square, and Rock Ibris, North Berwick, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on March 3 by Miss Katharine Louisa Forbes, the sister, the surviving executrix, the value of the estate being £49,250 17s. 3d. The testatrix leaves all her property to her sister.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1899) of Major-General Sir Francis Walter de Winton, G.C.M.G., C.B., of York House, St. James's Palace, and Llanstephan, Brecknock, late Comptroller of the Household of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on March 1 by Dame Evelyn de Winton, the widow, and Montagu Lewis Parkin, the executors, the value of the estate being £16,658. Subject to the gift of £300 and his household effects to his wife, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for her for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

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POETIC PAINS.

The confessions of the literary workman, we may take it, but half reveal the toils they half express. Of the innermost art-life of the greatest we know least. Either they were silent, or time has dealt hardly with the record of their labours. Of some, indeed, we are fain to believe that their song was spontaneous, holding with those critics, criticised by Longinus, who assert that the sublime is born with us, and is not to be learned by precept. Thus we are content to believe that Shakspeare never blotted a line, and that Homer's song (*pace* the learning that "strives to rend" it) flowed from his lips in sonorous strain to the under-music of his lyre. Dante, perhaps, was more laborious, for he wrought a learned mosaic, as did Milton in a later time; but in neither can the evidences of struggle after artistic ideal be likened to mere plodding. Dante, indeed, has sometimes been blamed for an uncouthness of expression—something rough-and-ready, as it were—which acquits him of over-elaboration. Yet this, after all, may have been of the essence of his art; for his very ruggedness—if the word be admissible—contributed to the formative influence of his style upon the language of Italy. "Do roses stick like burrs?" as Browning, with something of self-defence, asked concerning Luther; although, perhaps, his preceding line, "The better the uncouthner," should be read rather as a sentiment conditioned

by the rhyme (which is with the Reformer's name) than as an artistic canon.

For, take it as you will, art alone, or nature alone, will accomplish nothing. As Longinus maintains: "Though Nature for the most part challenges a sovereign and uncontrollable power in the pathetic and the sublime; yet she is not altogether lawless, but delights in a proper regulation." And again he says: "The very fact that there is anything in eloquence which depends on Nature alone could not be known without that light which we receive from Art." However incomplete, too, may be the confessions of literary workmen, enough has been admitted to show that the most enduring "makers" owned a paramount duty to artistic rules—nay, they even arrogated to themselves a peculiar delight in the toil these imposed. Thus Cowper—

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform
To which the mind resorts . . .
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing that they steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import

that, "lost in his own musings, happy man!" he feels the anxieties of life "all retire." "Twas rightly said," commented Wordsworth on the same passage, and forthwith he addressed to Lady Mary Lowther the sonnet which,

with true Wordsworthian matter-of-factness (we do not say lack of humour), reveals a homely agony of composition, about which Cowper, if he knew it, is discreetly silent. "When happiest fancy has inspired the strains," sings Wordsworth,

How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the enthusiast to the social board!

But the endurance is its own reward, for the poet "repines not, if his thoughts stand clear at last of hindrance and obscurity." This in Wordsworth, however, refers not so much to the pain of endless recasting, pen in hand, after the manner of Stevenson, as to the mental search for the inevitable phrase or happy rhyme. That once seized and crystallised in salient points, Wordsworth was content to leave detail to take care of itself. Had it been otherwise, his "works" had been less bulky, and Arnold would have been cheated of his unpicturesque phrase—the "poetical baggage that now encumbers the poet of Rydal."

The line that separates the successful effect of effort from the successful impromptu is not easy to discover. Virgil, whose faculty for taking pains was infinite, often, as we know, found it unavailing, and determined to await the happy moment of inspiration. This usually stole upon him, as it were, unawares, when he was reading his verses to an audience. Even, as he spoke, the uncompleted lines would, complete themselves. Not all, as every reader of

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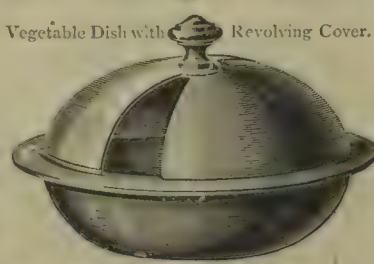
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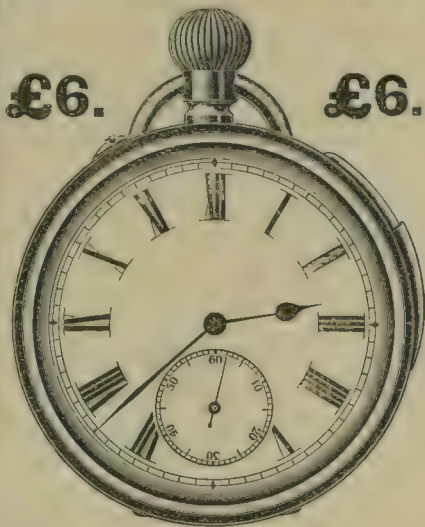
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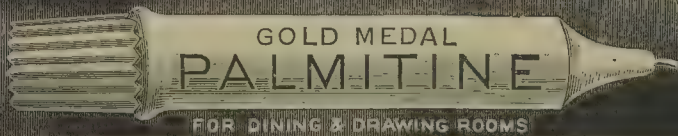
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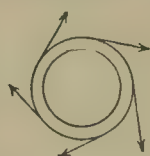
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then availed to save some of us from absolute banality, and has gently persuaded us—

delere . . . et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.

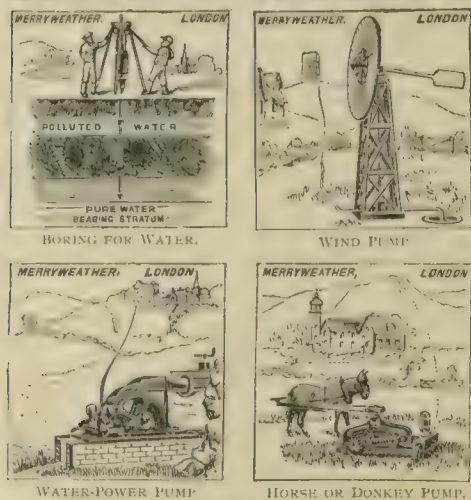
How the minor poet works is a secret carefully guarded. It is unlikely, considering his professionally "neurotic" temperament, that, like his brother the minor prose-writer, he employs the typewriter, perhaps wife-driven. He does certainly permit himself to be interviewed, on occasion, but beyond vague hints of *negligé* methods, inspired scribbles on fugitive envelopes, amid the shade of trees and by purling brooks, he betrays few of the secrets of his workshop. And in this he is wise, for it is not in every case unlikely that his agonies of composition were unseemly to witness. Or if the agonies be lighter, the toil of correction may at least be so great as to imperil our

respect for the bard's inspiration. This is wrong, no doubt, and contrary to a proper regard for conscientious effort; but it is human nature to desire, at least, the appearance of fluency. Lovelace, was it not? used to be twitted by his fellow-poets for slow composition; but in the work of to-day we look in vain for another such song as "To Althea in Prison." For there, although every line may have been wrought as slowly as you will, the result is light and flowing as the happiest impromptu. And that, perhaps, is the final triumph of poetic pains.

Our Illustrations of the royal visit to Badminton, published last week, were from copyright photographs by Mr. A. H. Hawke, Bristol.

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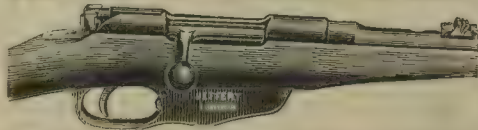
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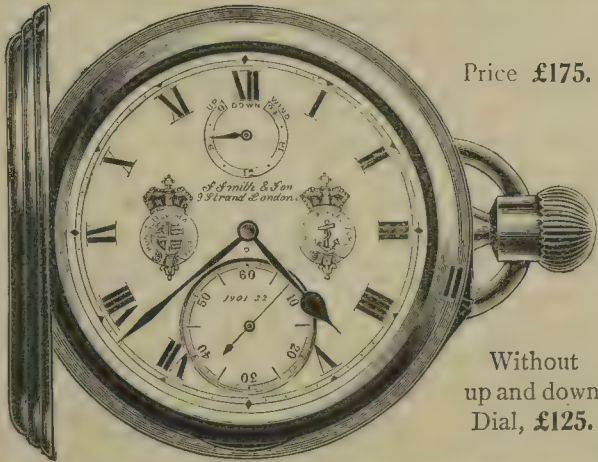
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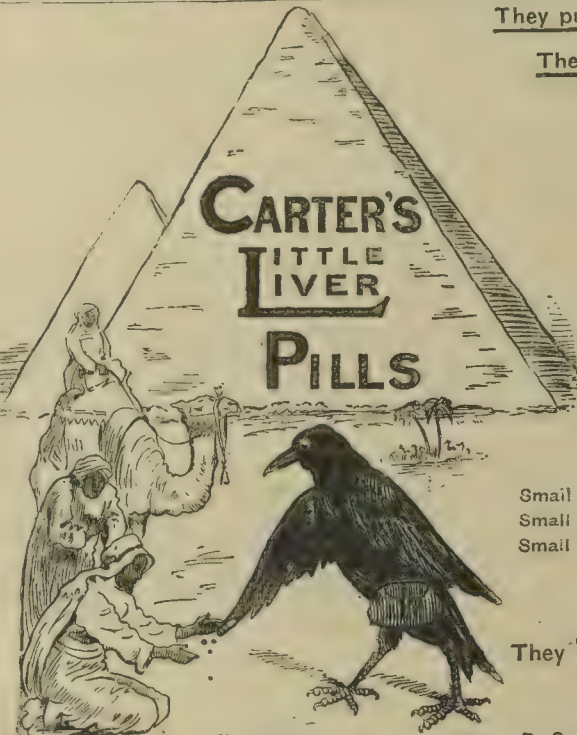
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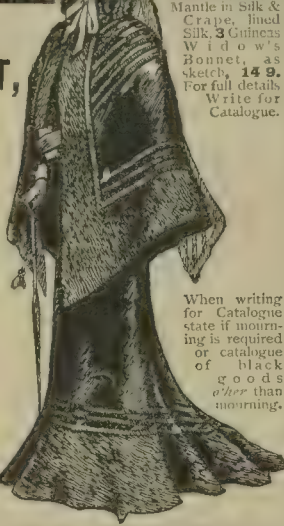
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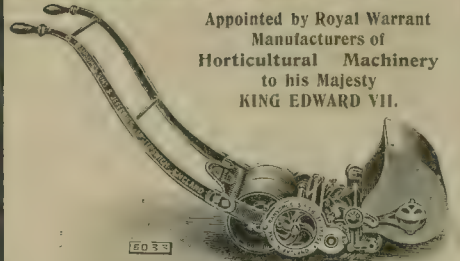
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DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BRISTOL.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BRISTOL.—THE LUNCHEON IN THE DOCK SHED AFTER THE CUTTING OF THE FIRST TURF OF THE NEW KING EDWARD DOCK AT AVONMOUTH: THE PRINCE'S SPEECH.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BRISTOL.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRISTOL: THE NEW KING EDWARD DOCK, AVONMOUTH.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRISTOL: THE INAUGURATION OF THE WORKS OF THE NEW KING EDWARD DOCK.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BRISTOL.



THE PRINCE OF WALES CUTTING THE FIRST TURF OF THE NEW KING EDWARD DOCK AT AVONMOUTH. MARCH 5.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.



H.M.S. "Queen."

THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "QUEEN": A GENERAL VIEW OF DEVONPORT HARBOUR JUST AFTER THE CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DEVONPORT.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT DARTMOUTH, MARCH 7.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM SKETCHES BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DARTMOUTH.



THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BRITANNIA ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE BY KING EDWARD VII.: HIS MAJESTY REQUESTED TO LAY THE STONE.

In the two first rows of spectators facing the dais were officers from the German war-ship "Moltke," sent by the Kaiser to be present at the ceremony. Further back were many rows of cadets, and behind all was stationed the band of H.M.S. "Britannia." Just before the front row of cadets appeared the nurses who were to receive medals from Queen Alexandra. Prominent among the ecclesiastics in the group on the right is the Bishop of Exeter.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT DEVONPORT, MARCH 8.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DEVONPORT.



THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "QUEEN": QUEEN ALEXANDRA CHRISTENING THE VESSEL.

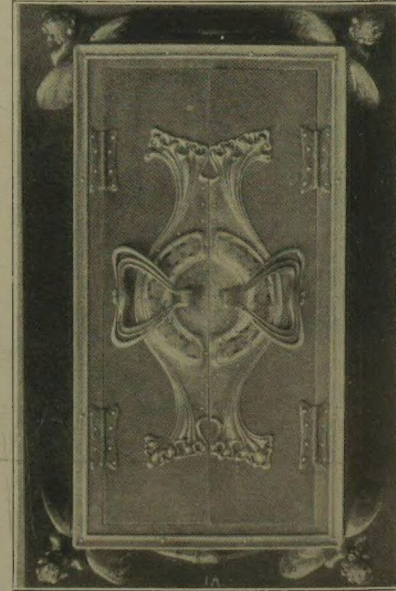
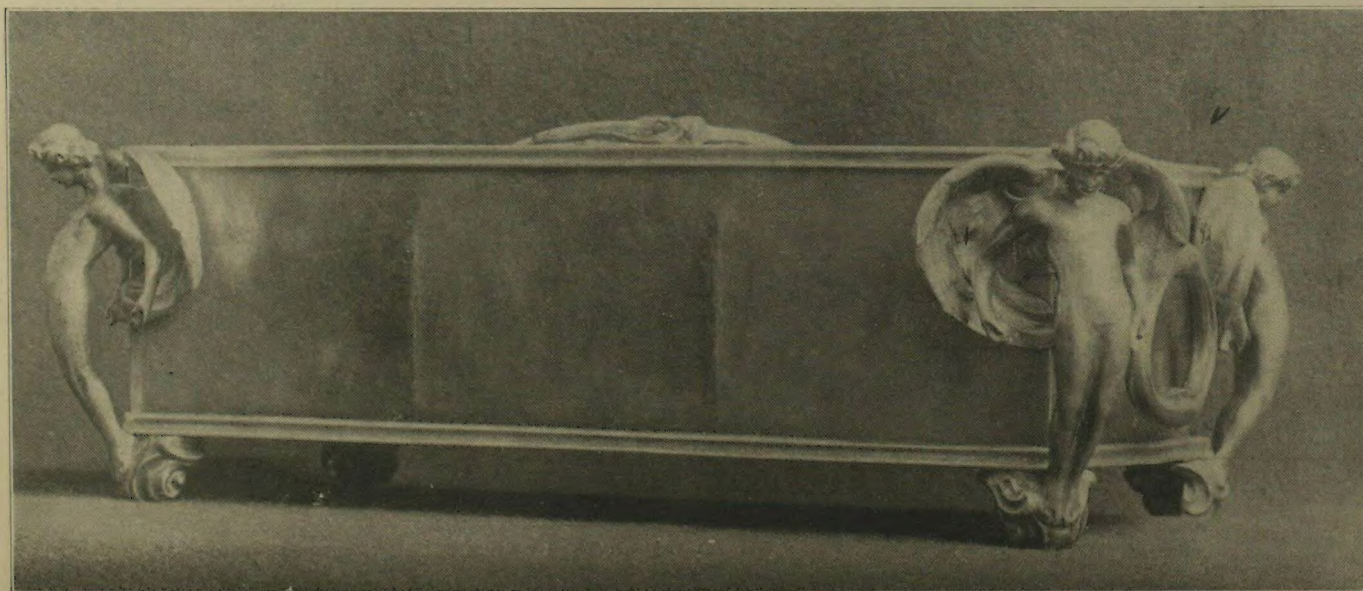
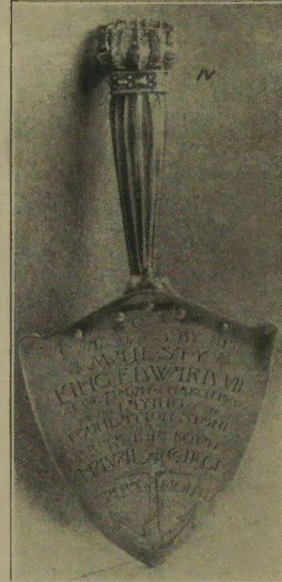
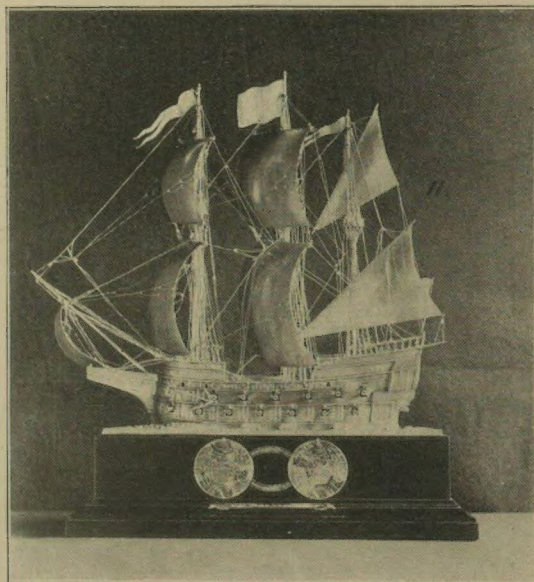
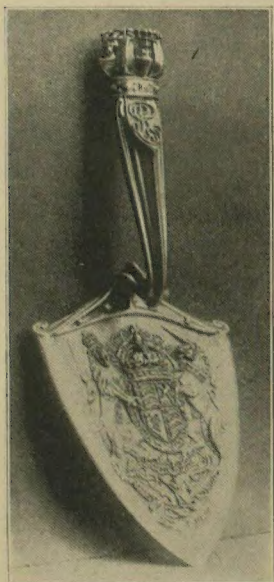
Her Majesty, prompted by the King, took the flower-covered bottle of wine in both hands and flung it at the vessel's bow. The first throw was not successful, but a second trial smashed the glass, and sent the wine streaming down the sides of the "Queen." Her Majesty then cried, "God bless the 'Queen' and all good sailor men"; and after a little persuasion from the hydraulic jacks, the great war-ship took the water smoothly. Immediately behind their Majesties stood a representative group of officers.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESENTATION BY RUSSELL; THE SHIP BY PAGE, KEEN, AND PAGE; OTHERS BY LEWIS.



THE KING PRESENTING MEDALS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, KEYHAM, MARCH 8.



1. THE SILVER TROWEL USED BY THE KING TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NAVAL COLLEGE AT DARTMOUTH, MARCH 7.
2. THE "PELICAN" CASKET: PORT SIDE.

3. THE SILVER MODEL OF DRAKE'S SHIP "THE PELICAN," PRESENTED WITH AN ADDRESS TO THE KING BY THE PLYMOUTH BOROUGH COUNCIL: THE STARBOARD SIDE.

4. THE INSCRIPTION SIDE OF THE TROWEL.
5. THE CASKET CONTAINING THE TROWEL: SIDE VIEW.
6. THE TOP OF THE CASKET.

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EASTER SUNDAY—Concert at 3.15
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